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THE SPHERE, SEPTEMBER 2, 1944
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Vol. CLXXVIII No. 2328 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC SEPTEMBER 2 1944

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G.E.1229

Volume CLXXVIII No. 2328 The SPHERE, London, September 2, 1944

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

PARIS IS FREE AGAIN : THE FRENCH FLAG FLIES OVER THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE—a picture taken during General de Gaulle's first official duty in the capital, when he laid a wreath on the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior just after his entry

For a week before its total capture on Friday, August 25, the French Forces of the Interior had been fighting the Germans in Paris. With the entry of the tanks of General Leclerc's Second Armoured Division, the capital was once again firmly in French hands after more than four years of German occupation. The scenes in the city as the inhabitants realised that at last they were free beggar description. General de Gaulle's first duty in public after his arrival was to visit the Arc de Triomphe, where the Tomb of the Unknown Warrior is enshrined. He arrived at three o'clock on Saturday, August 26, by a side way, screened by a line of armoured cars. The Archway was draped with a huge Tricolor, the first time the French flag has flown in Paris since June 1940. After inspecting the guard of honour, the General set out down the historic Champs Elysées towards the Place de la Concorde, as recorded on the following page

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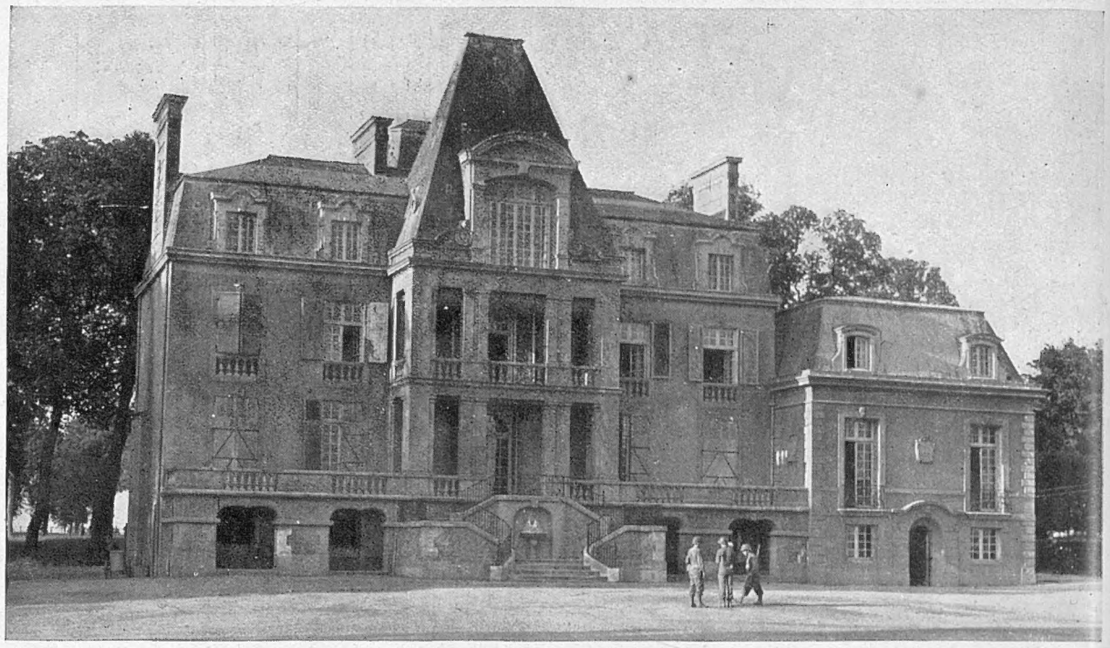
A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 261

(The opening of the Sixth Year)

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Paris is Free.—In his own bible, Hitler made clear that he both despised and feared the French, and designed that France should never rise again as a first-class or military Power. In 1940 he was sure that she never would. Of his chief antagonists, he hates no man more than Churchill. And here is Churchill proved to the letter, and more than punctually, a true prophet. That famous, incredible prophecy and promise to France, made at the lowest ebb of France's decline and at the gravest moment of Britain's danger, is fulfilled to the letter. The French have saved themselves and redeemed their capital with Allied aid; and justified, through the long years of agony and regret, their faith in themselves and their allies. It is a shattering blow to Hitler's remnant of prestige. Paris belongs to France again and to civilisation, and to "good Americans." It would be presumptuous to speak of the symbolic significance of August 25, 1944, to Frenchmen to-day and henceforth. And not Paris only. Paris is a symbol, but it is substantially wrapped up. Hitler has lost more than his prestige, his illusions, his faith in his own supermanity. He has lost the wealth of France, the produce of France, the naval bases of France, where lurked his now homeless submarines and E-boats. He has lost his communications across France to Spain (where his spies worked so busily) and the Mediterranean approach to Italy. The Nazis must now sideslip swiftly or die with their backs to their own "impregnable fortress wall." If there be room for another scratch or scar on Hitler's heart, I think the word "Paris" will fill it. He had his revenge on France for the armistice of 1918 and brought out Foch's famous railway coach to make that revenge more exquisite. I don't know where the coach is now, nor whether it will be used again. It is about all the rolling-stock which Allied bombers and fighters left to Hitler at the latter end of his occupation of France.

The Rats Begin to Quit.—With the fall of Paris, the rats begin in earnest to quit the sinking ship. No doubt the explanation of Mr. Churchill's long visit to Italy, at a moment when he must wish ardently to be in Paris and London, is connected with these very rats. He is doubtless arranging with other Allied representatives the conditions of their "conversions to the true faith," and throwing in what face-saving sops may be considered as reasonable in the different circumstances of their cases and the degrees of their guilt. The Allies (statesmen or men in the street) need not pay much deference to these tardy conversions. The Balkans are still the Balkans. With one or two pleasant exceptions, a narrow nationalism, a desire to grab from their neighbours with least risk to themselves, a determination to hitch on to the winning side, and pick up some of the crumbs of victory won by the protagonist combatants—these have always been the keynotes of policy among the Balkan wolverines. Those Balkans are the cradle of wars; and before war is outlawed, they will need regeneration and re-education almost as much as Nazi Germany. The histories of Rumania and Bulgaria in the past century are not edifying. Nationally and internationally, they are catalogues of mean expedients, of smash-and-grab, of treachery and narrow self-interest, of total failure to combine, to co-operate, to work with their neighbours or with civilisation. Without under-estimating the difficulties of small nations ringed round by mighty and often aggressive Powers, we have grounds for our contempt for much of the history and conduct of Balkan nations, nationally and internationally, in the past century. We need not yet whitewash our new "allies."

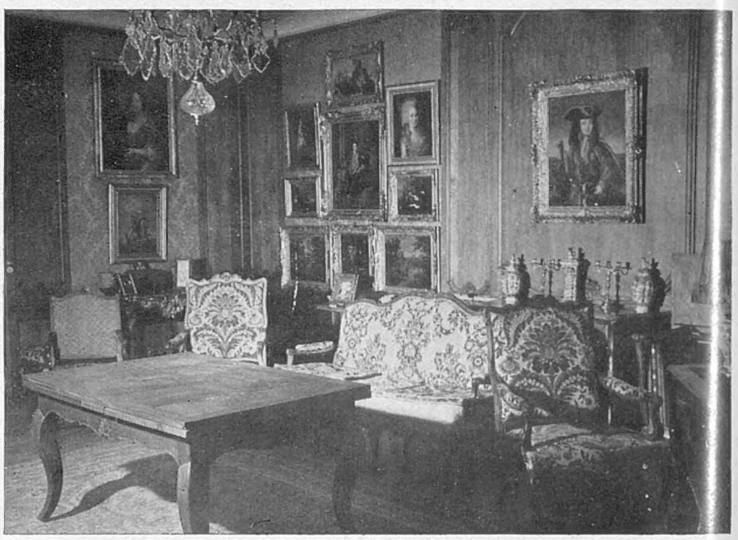


THE HISTORIC CHATEAU OF BLANCHARDIERE IN NORMANDY IS AGAIN IN ALLIED HANDS

This building has seen many famous people come and go during the course of two wars within the present century. In 1918 it was the Headquarters of General John J. Pershing, who commanded the American armies in France: in the present war it became the headquarters of General Lord Gort when he was C.-in-C. of the British Expeditionary Force. After the Fall of France, the chateau was used by Rommel and other German military experts, and it was here that the construction of the "Atlantic Wall" was planned. Admiral Doenitz, C.-in-C. of the German Navy, frequently used Blanchardiere for his conferences. Now it has again fallen into Allied hands, apparently undamaged—thanks to the great speed of the American advance. In its grounds is an air-raid shelter built by the Germans, which has walls 80 ins. thick, and which is complete with air-conditioning plant and internal heating

The Pas de Calais in the Bag?—We are all armchair strategists to-day. It is impossible to be otherwise. The grand strategy is so much clearer to us all. It is laid out on the map of Europe. The enemy is being collected in a gigantic bag, the base of which at the moment stretches from Riga down to the Crimea, across Italy, through Cannes and Toulon, through Brittany and Normandy to the Seine. In between there are gaps and neutral territories. But the gaps for the most part are of no use to the enemy, for they lead nowhere but to enemy-held territory, and seas. How precisely the base of the bag or net will be drawn forward we do not know. But those of us who do not yet feel inclined to throw our hats in the air and halloo for victory are deeply concerned to know how, and how soon, the base of the bag or net will be extended along the Channel coast into Belgium. It may be that events will move so quickly that the Nazis may find it necessary to abandon their hold on the Pas de Calais without waiting to be dragged away in a net. But since their reviving hopes of victory by their V weapons, and of further vengeance on England by the same means, depend on holding it, they will be reluctant to leave it before they are compelled. But for Southern England, in the flush of these astounding and sweeping and daily improvements in the military situation, from Riga to Havre, it becomes revolting to contemplate another autumn or winter under the menace of the launching-sites, and it is but human that there should be felt something that is more substantial than wishful thinking that that desirable evacuation should be brought about before October.

Map-Reading.—The study of a map of France is at the moment of writing a chief cause of rejoicing. This month, perhaps, we shall pull out another map—the Baltic series or perhaps the Belgian. The element of surprise is never absent from war, even at the end of the longest trick. Who would have thought two months ago that Paris, Brittany, Avignon and the Riviera would have the limelight before East Prussia and Warsaw? And yet to a cool military mind, with full knowledge of "logistics" on the Eastern Front and of conditions in the West, the events which have developed can have caused no surprise comparable with that of our uninformed minds. The speed of the Russian early summer offensive outran the wildest expectations. The Russian armies by July had outrun all schedules of time and space. The surprise sprung on the Russians was the weight of the reaction which the Germans were able to achieve in the defence of East Prussia and the slowing down of the drive to the Baltic and beyond the Vistula. Sixteen divisions were milked from once vital sectors, and as a result the Riviera landings were spared much of the expected resistance. The whole Allied strategy is a magnificent dovetailing of innumerable pieces in a single jigsaw. Militarily, the factor of surprise, though never eliminated, can no longer be decisive nor upset mathematical certainty. For you and me, there will be many more major surprises, but for the most part they should be pleasant, perhaps divine, surprises. At the moment of writing, as I have said, my own "divine surprise" is derived from the map of France. Every day I wipe off from it another 500 square miles of Nazi filth and watch France coming clean again.



THE CONFERENCE ROOM AT THE CHATEAU DE LA BLANCHARDIERE. The table seen in the centre has been used for the display of maps and plans by many Allied and enemy commanders in this war and the last

A Cleaner World.—The smashing victories on all fronts by the Allies are having an effect which many besides myself must be conscious of. They are bringing about the destruction on a grand and final scale of the German war machine and the German armies. It seems to me we are indeed receiving this crowning mercy, which follows the stern and sombre years of preparation during reverses and untold anxieties, in the only spirit which can dignify and sanctify our great struggle. As more and more Nazis are liquidated, as their engines of war are smashed and blown to bits, in terms of hundreds and thousands day after day, we read the records of judgment and punishment not with the lust of vengeance, but with a new sense of cleanness returning to a befouled world, and new sanity and health to a world that was sick to death in body and soul. I confess I dreaded an unedifying end. But I do not find it prevalent. The doom of this bestial race is appalling and catastrophic—a banquet for sadists. But the sadists are not in evidence, nor the Mafeking spirit. The punishment is too tremendous. Every day in every way we find the world growing at last sweeter and cleaner again after the long decades of shame and bestiality, and filth and fear. And when we remember that it is the blood of our best and of our youth which is washing the world clean again, reason would that we rise to the occasion with dignity and soberness and humility.

THE OLD STAGER

FROM THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE, ALONG THE CROWDED CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES, General de Gaulle and other French notables head the procession to the Place de la Concorde during the celebrations marking the city's liberation from Nazi control

First Pictures from PARIS

After its liberation by the Allies on Friday, August 25

(See also pages 294-5 of this issue)

¶ The whole story of the liberation of the French capital will be given in completeness in next week's issue

After General de Gaulle had visited the Arc de Triomphe, as recorded on the front page of this issue, he set out to walk down the historic Champs-Élysées towards the Place de la Concorde. Amongst those who followed were General Leclerc (commanding the French Second Armoured Division, which entered Paris on the 25th) and General Juin: both of them are seen just behind de Gaulle in the above picture. At first the procession was orderly, but soon the General and his escort of officials had been hopelessly overrun by the crowd of volatile Frenchmen.

Meanwhile, at the Place de la Concorde, a great crowd had gathered: suddenly, German snipers (aided, it is suspected, by Frenchmen of Darnand's pro-Nazi forces) opened fire on the populace. At once the great crowd began to scatter in alarm, as depicted below. After his march down the Champs-Élysées, General de Gaulle drove to the Hotel de Ville, temporary seat of the Government, and then on to Notre Dame to attend a Solemn Mass for the Fallen.

The two pictures reproduced on this page are the first to be taken by an Allied photographer in Paris since the Fall of France in June 1940. Next week we hope to published a complete series of pictures dealing with the whole story of the liberation of the French capital

IN THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE: THE CROWD OF PARISIANS, CELEBRATING THE ENTRY OF ALLIED TROOPS INTO THE CAPITAL, SCATTER FOR COVER AS A SNIPER FIRES INTO THEM FROM A BUILDING NEAR BY. Although the Germans had surrendered the city, small bands of fanatical gunmen (amongst them, it is suspected, some of Darnand's French collaborationists) still remained. Barbed-wire barricades were still in position when this picture was taken

THROWING OFF the GERMAN YOKE

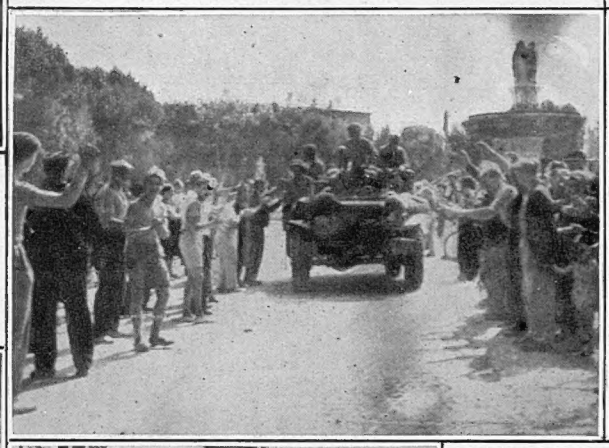
Radio Pictures from Southern France, where the Partisans Have Risen at Many Points

(See also pp. 302-3 of this issue)

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL watches the landing of the American and French forces comprising the Seventh Army on August 15. He was taken to the scene of action in the British destroyer *Kimberley*. When this picture was taken, the Prime Minister was actually watching the Allied troops going ashore

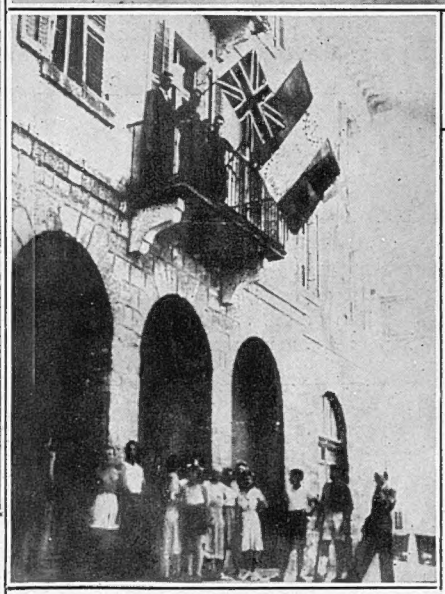
ST. RAPHAEL : A patrol of the invading Seventh Army passing a tank turret set in the street. It was mounted with a Schmeiser 34 machine-gun and a 20-mm. gun, for covering the barbed-wire barricades along the coast

ST. MAXIME : An American-built tank passing through this well-known Riviera town after its liberation had been achieved by the Allied forces landed on the morning of August 15. On the right is an armed traffic controller



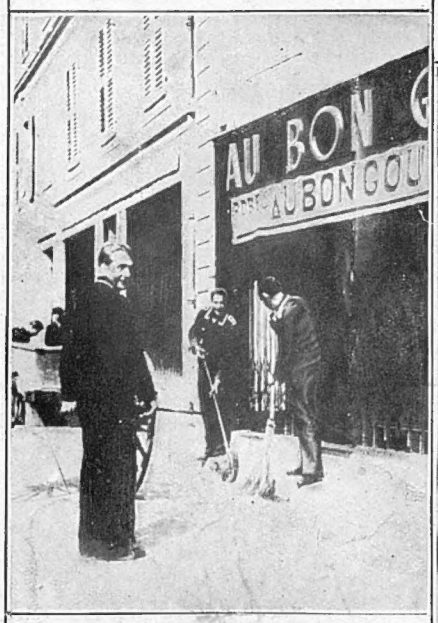
***On left*—AIX :** Troops of the Seventh Army enter the city. ***On right*—** Partisans in Aix stage a welcoming parade for their liberators. The American and French flags were prominently displayed, and the Cross of Lorraine also figured. Many of the Partisans were armed with weapons dropped from the air

HAUTE SAVOIE : French Forces of the Interior with their improvised tank—a heavy lorry of everyday commerce armoured with steel plates. These men began hunting the Germans within twenty-four hours of the landings in Southern France



MEILLERIE : From the balcony of the Town Hall, the Union Jack and the Tricolor are displayed to the townsfolk by the French Forces of the Interior

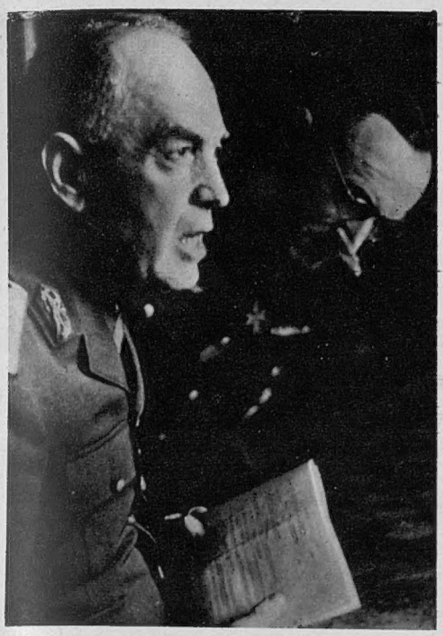
HOW THE MEN OF THE MAQUIS WERE ARMED IN FRANCE. Roaring in low, just over the tree-tops, this Fortress looks for the appointed spot, the bomb doors open, and out tumble weapons and supplies for the Partisan forces waiting below. The weapons are dropped by vari-coloured parachutes. This is a scene which has been taking place often over the outwardly-peaceful French countryside during the past few months as the Eighth Air Force set about the task of rearming the French



THONON : In this town in the Haute Savoie. *Luftwaffe* men who had been captured by the Maquis were given the job of cleaning the streets. This menial task did not appear to disturb their equanimity, however!

EVIAN : In front of the military hospital, the German doctor-in-charge hands the building over to the French Forces of the Interior

A BAND OF PARTISANS SETS OUT FOR ACTION. Each wearing an armlet bearing the Cross of Lorraine, these men are setting out to clear up a pocket of Germans hiding in a near-by wood. The steel-helmeted man on the left is carrying the grenades of the whole section



THE EVIL GENIUS OF RUMANIA: Marshal Antonescu, who forced the country into war on the side of the Axis: At the same time as King Michael announced the capitulation, he also announced the downfall of Ion Antonescu and the formation of a new Government. For years the country has suffered under its former pro-Nazi Premier. The figure in the background in the above picture is the German General Schörner

HITLER DICTATING HIS WISHES TO ANTONESCU: Every few months the Rumanian Dictator was called to Hitler's Headquarters to receive fresh orders. It was a summons which Antonescu always obeyed—and it usually meant some fresh humiliation for his country!

In November 1940, Marshal Antonescu led Rumania into the Axis and broke with the Allies. In June 1941, when Germany made her assault on Russia, Rumania declared war against that country, too—six days after the German invasion. Britain declared war on Rumania on December 7, 1941, and the United States on December 12, five days after Pearl Harbour. Since then Rumania has suffered bitterly: in men alone she is thought to have lost a quarter of a million

The CAPITULATION of RUMANIA on August 23, 1944

After Nearly Four Years at War Against the United Nations

KING MICHAEL WITH HIS MOTHER: After the abdication of Carol, the young King was free to meet his mother more frequently. Previously, his father had forbidden him to visit her in exile. This picture was taken in 1940 when both were visiting hospitals shortly after Rumania had thrown in her lot with Germany and had entered the war. To-day, King Michael is twenty-two years of age

HOW RUMANIA CELEBRATED THE COMING OF THE "NEW ORDER": On October 6, 1940, after the Nazis had entered the country, the Premier (Antonescu) watched from the Reviewing stand in Bucharest as the once-outlawed Iron Guard paraded "in celebration of Rumania's coming under Berlin's influence." From left to right above are—Antonescu (in Iron Guard uniform); Signor Chigi, Italian Minister; Herr von Fabricius, German Minister; and Horia Sima, Leader of the Iron Guard

AFTER THE ENTRY OF THE GERMANS INTO BUCHAREST IN 1940. Goose-stepping through the streets of the Rumanian capital. This was the first picture received in London of German troops on the march in Rumania in December 1940. At that moment reports stated that large numbers of Germans were on the move through the country, one estimate reaching the high figure of 250,000. Germans have been in occupation of the country ever since

WHAT THE ALLIANCE WITH THE AXIS HAS COST RUMANIA IN TERRITORY: The three large tracts which she was forced to hand over: Despite her German affiliations and her liking for all things Nazi, Rumania has suffered grievous territorial losses since the outbreak of the European war. Many experts regarded the Rumania of 1939 as too swollen: be that as it may, by September 1940 she had been reduced almost by half! In June 1940, Bessarabia and parts of the Bukovina were ceded to Russia; two months later, in the Vienna Award, Hitler forced an agreement between Rumania and Hungary, whereby the latter gained great portions of Transylvania; whilst, in August, she had been forced to give up the Dobrudja to her bitter enemy, Bulgaria.

THE GERMANS REWARD RUMANIANS who fought their battles in the Kuban: The great majority of the vast Rumanian casualties were incurred in Russia, where Rumanian divisions were used recklessly by their German allies. This picture was taken after the German retreat from the Kuban in the Caucasus. It shows a German officer awarding Iron Crosses to Rumanian soldiers who had distinguished themselves during the fighting in the Kuban bridgehead: when the picture was taken, it was stated that these men were still fighting against the Russians in the Crimea

THE LAST PRESIDENT OF FRANCE before the surrender to the Germans in June 1940—M. Albert Lebrun : He became President of the Republic in 1932 after a Ministerial career which began in 1911. To-day he is seventy-three years of age, and his exact whereabouts and present status in Nazi-Occupied France are unknown. He accompanied the French Cabinet to Bordeaux in 1940, and then dropped from the news after the appointment of Pétain. This picture was taken in the year 1932, just after his elevation to the Presidency, and during his attendance at the funeral in Paris of M. Paul Doumer, his predecessor as President. The latter was assassinated at Marseilles with King Alexander of Yugoslavia by Anton Pavelich, the present Serbian quisling

PRIME MINISTER AT THE TIME OF THE FALL OF FRANCE—M. Paul Reynaud : On March 20, 1940, Daladier refused to form a new Cabinet in France and President Lebrun invited M. Reynaud to do so. He held the Premiership till the Cabinet was transferred to Bordeaux, and then the decision was taken, above Reynaud's head, to capitulate. Later, Reynaud was interned by the Germans—together with Daladier and Blum, both ex-Premiers—and is now imprisoned in Germany

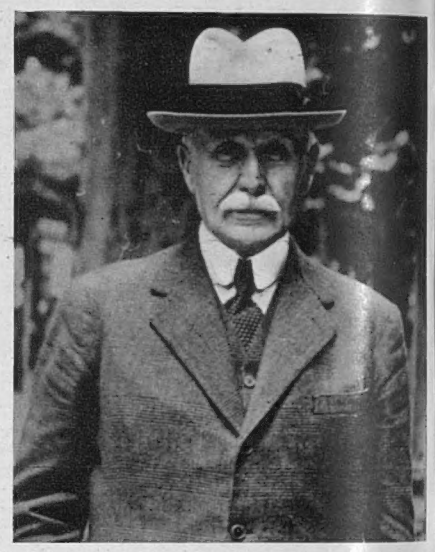
GENERAL DE GAULLE'S FIRST MESSAGE TO THE FRENCH : This manifesto called to all Frenchmen to fight on for their country: it appeared on thousands of hoardings throughout the British Isles in August 1940. From that moment onwards all of France, at home and abroad, looked upon de Gaulle as their leader. Now he is back in France to lead the French nation back into Paris and into its own again

THE FIGHT FOR PARIS

A Glance Back at the Capital's History and the Men in Power at its Fall

And Views of the Ile de la Cité where the Maquis Rose Against the Germans —*June 1940 to August 1944*

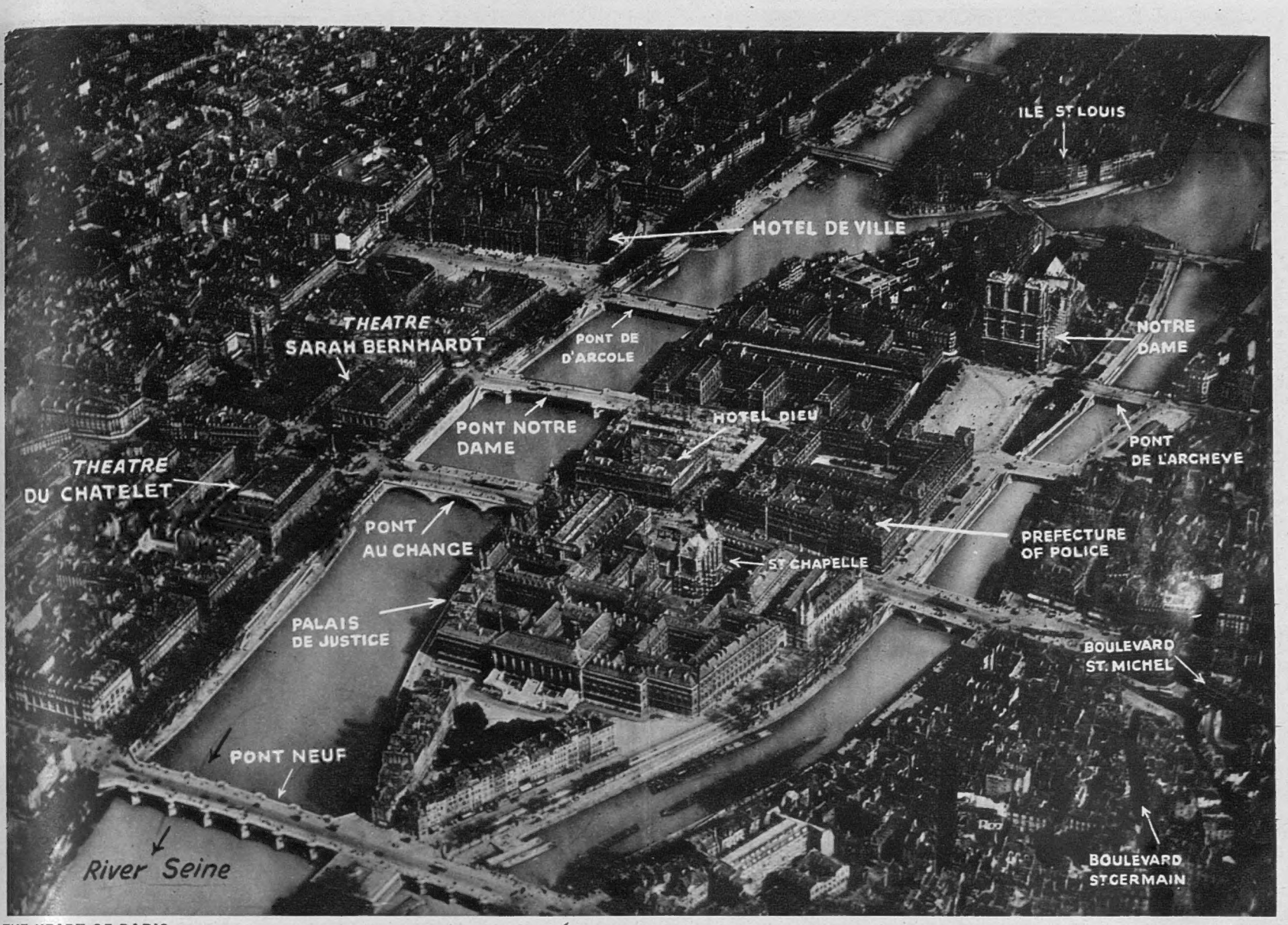
MILITARY GOVERNOR OF PARIS IN 1940: General Hering, on whom would have fallen the defence of the city had it not been declared "open" on the near approach of the Germans



THE AGED LEADER OF THE VICHY GOVERNMENT : Marshal Pétain. Now eighty-eight years of age, the one-time "Hero of Verdun" has been carried off by the Germans after an ignoble record of "collaboration" with the conquerors of his country

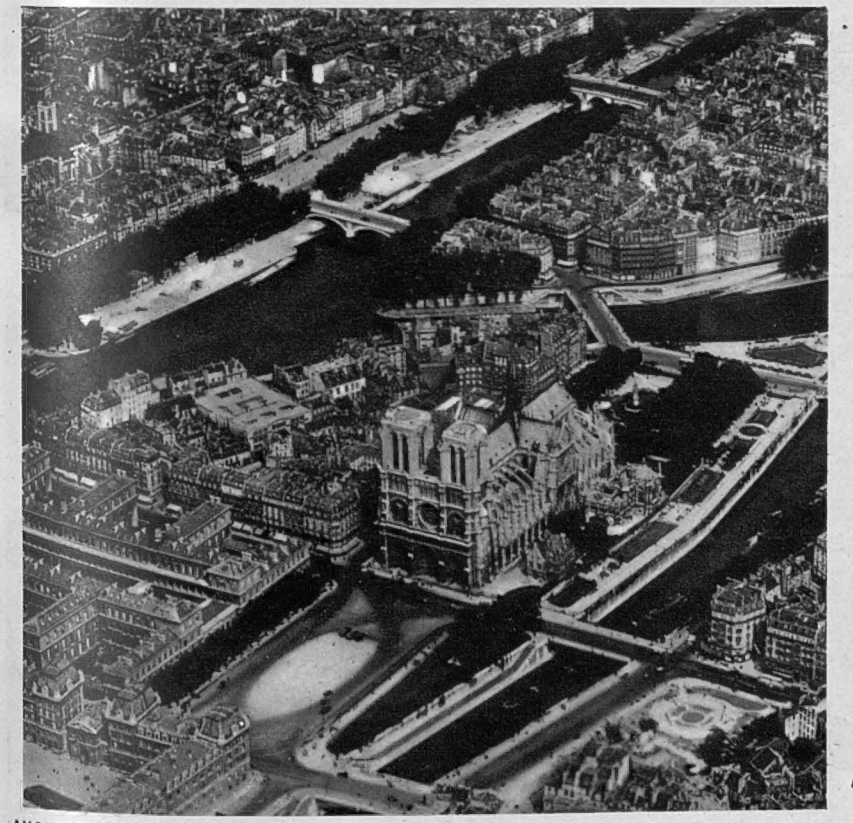
FOUR YEARS AGO—Hitler marches in triumph through the conquered capital : After he had heaped indignity on indignity on Paris and the French people, the conqueror could not resist marching in triumph through the streets of his great prize. Accompanied by high-ranking Nazis, he is here seen at the foot of the Eiffel Tower in 1940. His joy at the Fall of France was so great (a ridiculous picture exists to-day of his quaint dance of joy at the receipt of the news) that its recapture by the Maquis and the Allies must be correspondingly bitter to the once all-conquering Führer

***On right*—JUST BEFORE THE CATASTROPHE : Crowded Paris at Eastertide 1940 :** It was reported at the time that Paris had never been so full. Visitors from the country, soldiers from the Maginot Line, workers in the capital—all crowded the cafes. This was a scene on the famous Avenue des Champs-Élysées. A few weeks later—and Hitler had invaded the Low Countries. A few weeks after that—and the Paris that these crowded throngs knew and loved so much was groaning under the German heel



THE HEART OF PARIS AND ITS OLDEST SECTION, THE ILE DE LA CITÉ, where the revolt against the Germans began on August 18. By the 23rd French Patriots were in possession of all the city's chief public buildings and Allied troops were hastening into the capital to take over. Paris is thus the first capital city to be attacked by Patriots "from within"

For many lovers of France this fine overhead view will bring back memories of the gayest city in Europe. The island in the foreground, shaped like a ship and surrounded by the Seine, is the original city of Paris, built on the site of the Lutetia of the Romans. Within this small section of the now much vaster capital are the Palais de Justice (containing the thirteenth-century Sainte Chapelle, finest ecclesiatical building in Paris), the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame, the Prison of the Conciergerie (where Marie Antoinette was imprisoned in 1793), and many other notable and historic structures. To the right lies the Ile St. Louis; spanning the two streams of the Seine are many bridges bearing names famous in history. In the foreground is the Left Bank; behind, the Right Bank, containing the present City Centre, Montmartre and the better-known of the boulevards. It was here that the Revolt of the Maquis began, on August 18, after the order for a general insurrection had been given to the men of the underground. The Ile was seized and held by the Paris police (who were already on strike). By the 23rd all the public buildings had been occupied, and the capital of the French was no longer under German control



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE ILE DE LA CITÉ, showing the great and historic Cathedral of Notre Dame and the tip of the Ile St. Louis to which it is connected. Lined with picturesque *quais* the River Seine is here divided into two channels and spanned by numerous bridges

A CORNER OF THE PARIS WHICH EVERY VISITOR LOVED: the headquarters of the "Free Commune of Old Montmartre": Up on its hill, overlooking the city at its feet, is Montmartre—home of artists and favourite resort of every visitor. The gaiety of this Quarter must have been sadly quashed during the four years of German occupation; but when the young men of France return from their prisoner-of-war camps, it will return to gaiety and become as once it was before the uprising of Nazism and all the foulness that creed has brought in its train. The "Free Commune" was an institution which all Parisians loved, along with its laughter-loving and wine-drinking "Mayor"

The SHADOW of CIVIL WAR in FRANCE PASSES

By Joining the Resistance Movement, the Maquis have Shown that the Hopes of the French "Collaborationists" will Come to Naught

By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT used to be a regular thing to read and hear that civil war would very likely, almost certainly, follow the freeing of France from the Germans. Heads would be knowingly shaken. It wouldn't be just a case of the Vichy Militia and the Paris pro-Nazi brigades opposing to the death any attempt to reanimate a Republic more "Left" than the last. A large number of those who had stayed in France would never accept to be governed by "a Gaullist clique" that had "hobnobbed abroad with Communists."

Some of the prognostications seemed to be made not without a certain hoping, as if their sponsors saw European and world advantages in a France still further reduced by civil war.

Her annoying liberal and emancipating tendencies would not be there to egg others on in other countries. It is not beyond the bounds of possibility that obscure moves were made on the political chessboard, designed at least not to lessen the chances of such a civil war breaking out.

Predicting is a foolish game; moreover, France assuredly has difficult social experiences directly ahead of her; yet the showing of the French people in August 1944, culminating in the Paris glory, does give one sufficient ground for affirming that the shadow of civil war in France is passing, and for adding that none should be more delighted at the prospect than the people of Britain, for whom (other sentiments aside) a self-devouring France would ultimately spell far more risk than anything else.

It occurs to me as probable that as soon as French people became aware that some foreigners were counting on a French civil war, they said to one another: "*Si c'est comme ça, bien non alors!*" and that this resolve *not* to have a civil war which others anticipated gave an excellent spur to things that were coming along in other directions. First and foremost was the rise as a cohesive force of the Maquis, a term which, from its association with a Spada sniping *gendarmes* in the Corsican bush, takes its place right by the Arc de Triomphe in the lore of France.

Early this year the Maquis was going through "dramatic times," as Emmanuel Dastier told us in London, whither he had come to plead for arms, medicaments and iron rations. One then gathered it was touch and go whether the skin-and-bone Maquis could stick it out under German and Vichy pressure. The next one heard was that such arms as came to be dropped as a result of Dastier's plea went to the "army of the armistice"—to officers and Service-men who might retain Giraudist, and even Pétainist, preferences.

Nor did events in the weeks of Normandy battling give a reassuring impression. Maquis help was small—though there was one clue to better things in the way the local inhabitants took the Gaullist commissioner for granted. Yet it needed the break-through at Avranches to lift the curtain. Overnight S.H.A.E.F. realised that the Maquis could not only stop German divisions from reaching the field, but that it could establish just and responsible control in every freed zone.

From about mid-June the Maquis really did get suitable backing in arms and other urgencies, and from then onwards the effect throughout France of this belated reward became ever plainer and always anti-civil war.

Seeds that had long been sown, but which would not fructify unless the Forces of the Interior truly found themselves, quickly gave their yield. A process of unification set in. The administrative services in Vichy and all the Prefectures contained men who had been approached by the underground. Some had been undercover patriots; others *attentistes*. Now all began to conduct themselves almost openly under the Cross of Lorraine. A large quantity of the police and mobile guards "came over to the people." Some were undoubtedly rotters trimming with the wind, but better now than later was the realistic view taken by past victims. And in any case, the wheels within wheels of French Resistance were not to be assessed at this stage; quite impossible!

The flow to one side, to that of de Gaulle, became so general as even to include some of Darnand's Militia, who came over averring they had only joined that abominated force in order to acquire arms for the ultimate liberation struggle.

In fact, it became apparent that the forces upon which Laval, Darnand, Déat and Doriot depended to stage a civil war were steadily ranging themselves under the sign of One France. And here let it be said that the brilliant liberating strategy of the Allies played a decisive part. Had the campaign gone painfully and destructively forward in a succession of Caens and St. Los, region after region in ruin; had the Allies early become stuck across France, there 's no saying what elements of civil war might not have thrived. Our most surprising gift to the French has been the lightning overrunning, so little damage done considering the tremendous task. Normans will not agree; they can be compensated. And not only Normans.

The only ones who still would wage it look to be a handful of "leaders" scurrying for the Vosges and beyond, and a few thousand of their "troops" too terribly implicated with their own people to expect anything but the guillotine.

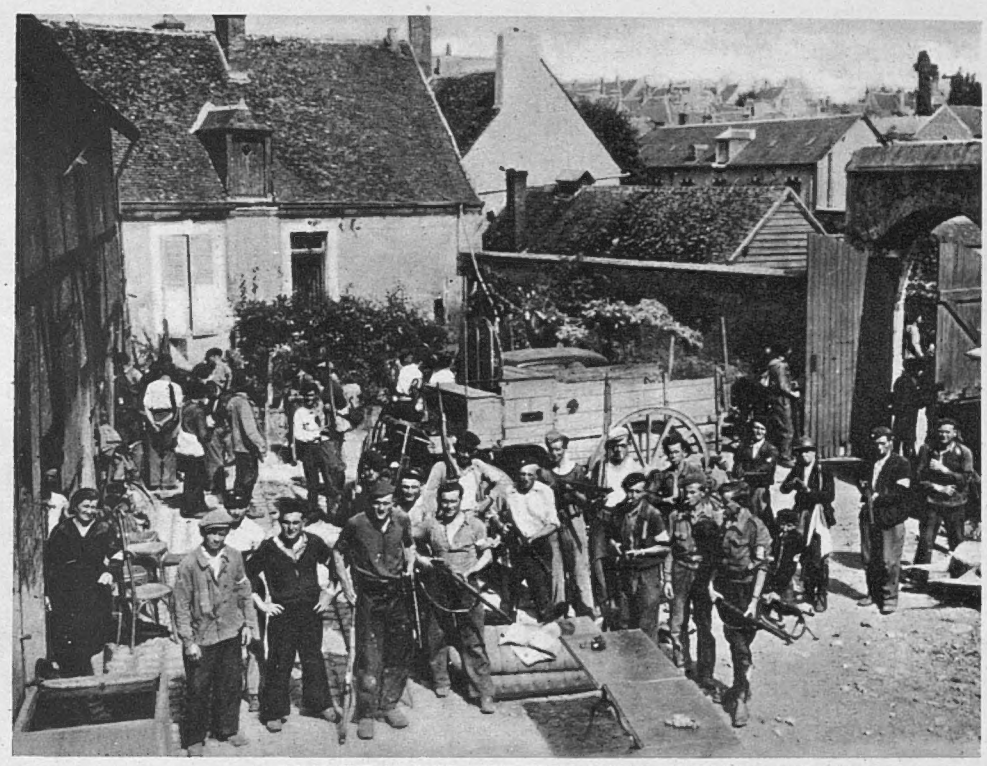
If there 's a marked absence of the civil-war atmosphere, some fine anticipatory brainwork in and out of France was responsible for it. The reasoning seems to have been: There must be no delay whatever in Frenchmen taking over from Vichy. Where possible the oncoming Allies will be presented with a *fait accompli*. No need for their officers to install themselves as local rulers. If that should happen, discord would supervene, and our enemies would be able to fish in waters of civil unrest.

So we heard of the Resistance, all plans laid, assuming calm and responsible control of place after place with the joyous consent of the local populace. Mob law was kept to a minimum. Women were shaved; some of the vilest traitors were shot out of hand lest they should trickle to less acquainted Allies. But matters were strained to keep *dans la légalité*. Prisoners were brought in, not shot. Vichyites found themselves quickly lodged in prison to await trial by assizes of the Provisional Government. Time and again the Resistance prevented lynchings.

And very soon the overrunning Allies responded. Not only was the Maquis left to work things out on the spot; orders were given that everything captured from the enemy, even tanks, were to go at once to these trusted men.

I like to insert one tribute by Dastier. He says the British officials have distinguished themselves by their scrupulous respect of French sovereignty. This refers to Civil Affairs personnel, who should yet have much to do towards setting France on her feet, if the original conception of a town major and staff ruling each locality has passed from sight. Now pass to a declaration made by the first Maquis officer to visit London, Colonel Drummont, a young Breton. He said he was a Communist, but that in the F.F.I. politics were not the important thing. Love of France had united the whole country, so that clergy, workers, nobility, peasants, and even industrialists (Drummont is a small manufacturer) were more united now than ever they had been. Often an employer served under one of his own workmen. The Colonel foresaw Frenchmen of all kinds carrying the spirit of the Maquis into civil life, without a trace of class struggle.

COLONEL DRUMMONT, a young Breton and the first officer of the Maquis to visit London. Mr. Tuohy makes reference to him in the accompanying article



HOW THE MAQUIS HAVE BEEN ARMED, FROM THE SKY, BY THE ALLIES: These two pictures were taken at a farmhouse near Châteaudun. The patriots have been given their arms by leaders of the Resistance Movement, and are awaiting orders to move on against the fleeing Germans. Most of their weapons had been dropped by parachute from Allied aircraft. To-day, in consequence, the Maquis have become a mighty movement whose greatest achievement to date has been the Liberation of Paris

This may be the first flush of victory talking. Too much has to be upset in France. Immense projects of nationalisation and of dealing with "the 200 families" who held France in their grip; the ramifications of the purge; a complete reorganisation of Overseas France, firstly in the colonies' interests, and only secondly in those of metropolitan France; a greatly increased Communist Party finding its place anew in the social body—such matters will militate against an idyllic classless perpetuation.

Yet there is every ground for saying that a sense of collective responsibility, never before known, but founded in the underground struggle, will permeate the Fourth Republic. One detects few, if any, of the hatreds which turned the great Revolution into something like civil war. Common suffering has softened religious as well as social and political antipathies and worse.

The next act after the coming of the Provisional Government and Consultative Assembly to Paris will be the immediate doubling of the Assembly's membership to over 200. When two-thirds of the *départements* are represented on an elective basis, the de Gaulle Government will resign; and be remandated with full 1939 wartime powers. Not more than a year after total liberation, a Constituent Assembly will be convened so that French people may determine under what institutions they wish to live. Then will follow a general election with everyone voting, including *midinettes*.

THE TRAGIC SITUATION IN THE POLISH CAPITAL: The approach of the Russians induced the underground patriots to rise and seize certain quarters of the city. But the Germans returned, and savage repressive fighting took place—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The POLES FIGHT in WARSAW

The Attempt to Seize the City as the Russian Armies Approach

When the Russian Army approached Warsaw at the beginning of August, the sound of the guns acted as a match to the fuse of the underground organisation. These patriot forces had long been preparing for the day of liberation, and in expectation of a further advance by the Russian Army a general attack was made on a number of key positions within the city. The movement began by the taking-over of the Praga suburb, after the German garrison had evacuated that district as the result of a Russian artillery barrage. The news flew through the city and the people themselves joined in; barricades appeared and flags were hoisted on captured buildings. The post office, the gas and electricity works fell to the underground fighters, the Germans holding on to the Central Telephone Exchange. Fierce fighting took place round the Central Railway Station, and German planes and tanks were employed against the Polish forces, with only varying success. The Poles held on to the Old Town on the north and in the adjacent Zoliborg working-class district. The Germans maintained control of the two main east-to-west thoroughfares, but the Poles held out desperately in the battered City Hall. As the liberating Russian armies did not arrive, however, the Germans gradually got the upper hand, despite the dropping of arms to the Poles from Allied aircraft

BARBED-WIRE ENTANGLEMENTS and a concrete defence point, erected by the Germans on the banks of the Vistula River, in the heart of Warsaw

ANOTHER GERMAN STRONG-POINT in Warsaw on the river bank—to hold up the Russian advance

POLISH TROOPS FIGHT ON POLISH SOIL. This artillery platoon is part of the Polish Army now fighting towards Warsaw with the Russians

BEHIND THE GERMAN LINES IN POLAND: Partisans of the Ninth Infantry Regiment of the Polish Army. Some are wearing uniforms taken from ambushed German soldiers

PARTISAN FIGHTERS of the Polish Home Army mine a road in the path of the retreating Germans

IN LIBERATED CHELM: A scene in the Russian Commandant's office as Polish volunteers are accepted for service with the Red Army

FLYING OPERATIONS in NORMANDY and ITALY

The Destruction of the Enemy's Armoured Columns by the Allied Fighters and Bombers

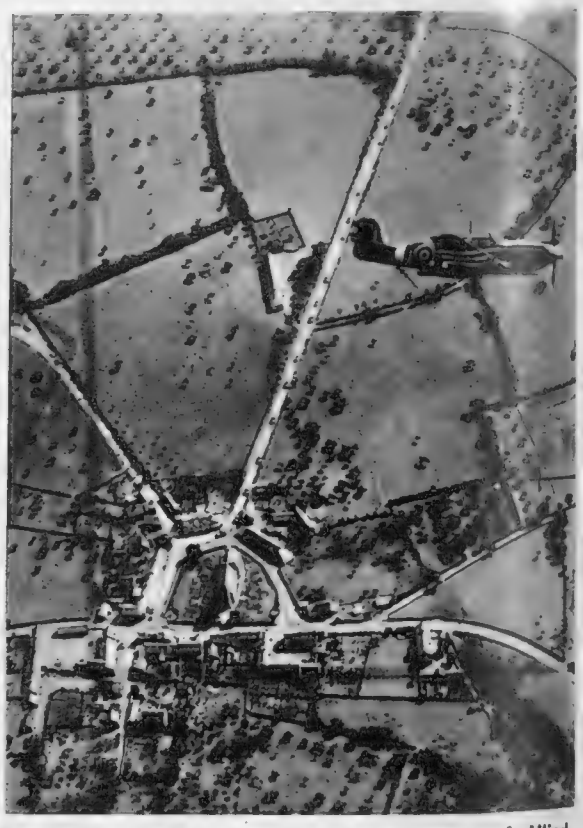
—Special Sphere Drawings

DISASTER OVERTAKES THE FLEEING GERMANS IN NORMANDY: A SCENE ON THE ROAD LEADING AWAY FROM THE FALAISE-ARGENTAN POCKET as the enemy armoured trucks are caught by rocket-firing Typhoons and cannon-firing light bombers—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"We are witnessing scenes on this front that are unprecedented in the history of air strafing," said an officer of great operational experience in this war to a War Correspondent in Normandy. "The whole thing simply beggars description," he went on. And then he instanced what had happened on one road alone. "It is about eight miles long, and it is no more than a shambles. Vehicles are packed along it from one end to the other. In front we did so much damage that the retreating transport could not move, and steadily behind it fresh vehicles piled up. They had all travelled through the 'Gap' in the darkness. Now we are sending Typhoon squadrons one after another, and they drop their bombs or fire their rockets into a blazing mass. There are no German aircraft to help them, and practically no flak. The transport on this road has been totally abandoned to its fate"

ONE OF THE DIFFICULTIES IN NORMANDY: The mists of early morning which hold up the Allied flying operations at many critical moments—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

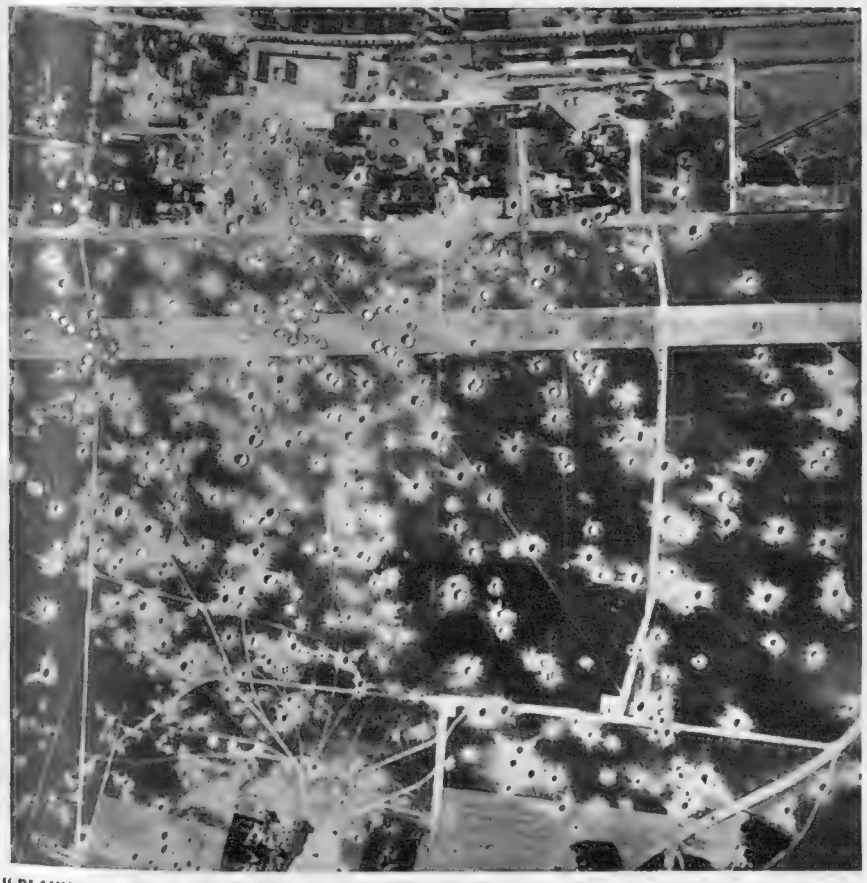
Fogs and mists and ground haze in the early morning are features of this part of France. When such conditions prevail, flying operations are brought to a standstill, for it is as much as a pilot can do to see the tree-tops. Many times air activity has been brought to a halt and the Germans have gained a respite from our bombing and strafing at a critical moment. The drawing above depicts one such moment: everything on the ground is in readiness, and the aircraft are just waiting for an improvement in the weather to take off and pursue their never-ending task of routing and destroying the enemy from the air



THE BATTLE OF THE FALAISE GAP: A convoy of Allied tanks moving in orderly array through a village near Conde-sur-Noireau, while an R.A.F. Mustang keeps guard overhead: This picture emphasises the contrast between the movement of German and Allied armour on either side of the "Gap." On the German side, there was complete confusion: when their armour and transport were forced, by the necessity of a speedy withdrawal, to take to the roads by daylight, the destruction wrought by the R.A.F. fighter-bombers was considerable. In contrast, the Allied armour moved up in orderly convoys unmolested because of the continual night and day protective cover given by the R.A.F.

DISASTER OVERTAKES THE FLEEING GERMANS IN ITALY: A SCENE ON ONE OF THE MOUNTAIN ROADS LEADING TO FLORENCE as Thunderbolts and Spitfires blow the retreating enemy columns to destruction. As in Normandy, Allied supremacy in the air throughout Italy has made possible such devastating attacks on the Germans' ground forces—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

In Italy, similar scenes to those in Normandy have been witnessed. The tale of the enemy's losses, inflicted by our unopposed and low-flying aircraft, covers the whole area from Arezzo, just in front of Florence, right back to Rome. Really serious blows were inflicted on the Germans during their retreat to the Gothic Line. In the mountainous country, the withdrawal was often delayed by the bomb-craters and demolitions caused by our "heavies" in the path of the Germans fleeing northwards. When blocks occurred, fighters and medium bombers went in to complete the demoralisation, with no alternative routes of escape for the trapped German columns. For scores of miles, the German transport, locked on the twisting, climbing roads, suffered heavy losses by day and by night. Groups of tanks, guns and lorries were blown up, fired or otherwise wrecked by the Allied air forces operating from a number of good Italian landing-grounds. On some occasions, convoys were caught bumper to bumper where a crater had blocked a road and were literally blown away. In the semi-static conditions which followed the entry into Florence, the Allied air forces naturally found fewer targets, but then they continued their work farther afield, along the German lines of supply



"BLANKET BOMBING" OF THE ENEMY'S AIRFIELDS BEHIND THE FIGHTING ZONE. Practically the entire landing-ground of the Brussels Melsbroek Airfield is covered with large craters after Bomber Command's attack on August 15th: In their terrific daylight offensive against the Germans, R.A.F. Bomber Command have been making concentrated attacks on German airfields in France and Occupied Europe, blanketing the landing-grounds, dispersal areas and airfield buildings with bombs to make them completely unserviceable. This picture, taken by a reconnaissance aircraft, shows the results of one of these devastating attacks

THE FLAK TOWERS ERECTED BY THE GERMANS IN THE INVASION AREA, and how they were treated during attacks by Allied bombers: Two of the huge concrete erections which guarded the German Marine Barracks outside the French town of Angers (now in Allied hands). There were four of these massive concrete erections in all. Bombed by Allied aircraft, all were put out of action and one was completely reduced to rubble. The barracks they defended were reported to have been the Headquarters for German marines of the entire Atlantic coast of France

WAR ON THE FLYING-BOMB SITES

New Pictures Showing the Results of the Most Recent Allied Attacks

Following on previous pictures already published in *The Sphere*, we now give a further selection dealing with the flying bomb and the manner in which the sites in Northern France have been attacked from the air by R.A.F. and American bombers. Whilst our land forces are rapidly approaching the Pas de Calais area by land, aircraft are still hammering away at the supply depots and launching sites, with the results depicted here. It is not unlikely that the menace of the flying bomb is already on the wane: but neither the bombers nor the gunners on the South Coast are slackening off in their efforts to neutralise this much-vaunted and over-boosted German weapon

A BATTERY OF GUNS IN OPERATION AGAINST THE FLYING BOMBS as they come over the coast of Southern England: These men belong to a Light A.-A. Regiment of Royal Artillery: they are here seen firing clips of four shells as the flying bombs come hurtling across the Channel towards London. In the foreground is one of the predictor instruments which give the necessary data to the gun crews. Improvements to the methods are constantly being devised, and many successes have already been scored

AN ATTACK ON A LAUNCHING SITE IN PROGRESS. This view taken from the air shows one of the supply sites for a German flying-bomb installation. Bomb-bursts are plainly visible, concentrated in the target area—an indication that this particular site was successfully put out of commission, temporarily at least. The R.A.F. and the American Ninth Air Force, operating bombers and fighter-bombers, have been attacking the sites and launching-platforms of this supposedly "secret" Nazi weapon for some time now—and with marked results

AFTER THE HEAVY ATTACKS ON THE FLYING-BOMB DEPOT AT ST. LEU D'ESSERENT, NEAR PARIS. In the foreground of this picture are large bomb-craters; behind are wrecked structures. A screen has been put up in front of a tunnel entrance, no doubt to hide the enemy's activities. Everywhere there are masses of debris. This was one of the largest and most important of the depots in which the Germans assembled the flying bombs before sending them to the launching sites near the French coast

AT ST. LEU D'ESSERENT. Debris and blasted trees litter the approach to a tunnel entrance. The entrance itself appears to have been cleared since the R.A.F. attack. The group of people standing just in front of the tunnel entrance were so taken by surprise by the low-flying Mustang which took the picture that they did not have time to run to shelter

Reconnaissance aircraft of Coastal Command took these two low-level photographs of ground damage to the flying-bomb depot at St. Leu d'Esserent, 30 miles north of Paris. This was the place attacked by aircraft of Bomber Command on the night of July 7 and again in daylight on August 5. (Earlier pictures were published in *The Sphere* in its issue of July 29.) The depot is located in limestone caves, the entrances to which are in a cliff about 60 ft. above the bank of the River Oise. The two photographs now reproduced show in considerable detail the damage inflicted on this important site

The DESTRUCTION of an ARMY

The Fleeing of the Germans from the Falaise Pocket

JUST ONE ROAD WITHIN THE "POCKET": German tanks and transport wrecked by rocket-firing Typhoons of the R.A.F. as they attempted to escape from the Falaise trap—a scene which shows how the enemy's columns were wiped out from the air, and one which was duplicated on many other roads around Falaise

THE REMNANTS OF THE ENEMY'S TRANSPORT TRY TO CROSS THE SEINE. The place is the west bank of the river, at Muids, between Vernon and Les Andelys. When this picture was taken, the vehicles at the head of the column were being loaded on to a ferry consisting of two barges lashed together

THE ARMY COMMANDERS WHO BROUGHT ABOUT THE GERMAN DEFEAT. On August 21 the American and British Army Commanders in France held a Conference in a hayfield to plan the next moves in the annihilation of the German Army. They were General Montgomery, Twenty-first Army Group; General Dempsey, Second British Army; General Omar Bradley, Twelfth Army Group, at left; and General Hodges, First American Army, on right. Here they are discussing their plans in front of a large-scale map

A SCENE ON ONE OF THE "ESCAPE ROADS" BETWEEN THE FALAISE AREA AND THE SEINE photographed from a reconnaissance aircraft of the Second Tactical Air Force on August 20. The convoys consist of German vehicles of all types, and they are packed bumper to bumper. Fearful execution was wrought amongst these tight-packed masses by every Allied aircraft which could be put into the air to pound at them with bombs, rockets and cannon-guns as they fled eastwards toward the River Seine

The RISING of the MAQUIS

As Whole Areas of France are Liberated from the German Yoke by the Allied Armies

THE FREE FRENCH IN NORMANDY now working with the Men of the Maquis : The initial sensational dash to form the southern pincer at Argentan and thus close the Falaise trap was made by Free French Forces. For five days of bitter fighting they held on alone, facing the enemy on three flanks. They are now working with the Maquis, the French forces of the interior, who have been equipped with British and American arms dropped to them by Allied aircraft and with other equipment and transport which they have themselves captured from the Germans. Here is a scene in a camp of the Free French : the bearded padre is giving a short talk to the officers prior to the next move of liberation

THE SPIRIT OF YOUNG FRANCE : A Patriot girl who came out to welcome the British armed forces with her rifle : She is a member of the Resistance Movement, now everywhere showing itself as towns and villages are being liberated from the Germans

GENERAL LECLERC, who is leading his men back to France : A great fighting soldier who took his woefully small force of armour across the Sahara from Lake Chad in 1943 to join General Montgomery. He is forty-two, and is one of the youngest Allied Commanders in France. At the outbreak of war he was a cavalry Captain and was wounded and taken prisoner, but escaped. He is now fighting again in his own country and entered Paris on August 25th, at the head of his Second Armoured Division

HELPING THE ALLIES IN THE STREETS OF ANGERS : A Frenchwoman acts as traffic controller following the liberation of her town. She is here directing the flow of U.S. columns along the Boulevard Foch, one of the main streets

THE MAQUIS GO OUT ON PATROL in their own lorries : A scene near Argentan where the underground fighters came out openly in support of the Free French. All are now equipped with weapons supplied by the Allies

The inspiriting pictures on these pages demonstrate the manner in which France is once again finding her soul, after four searing years of German occupation. The uprising of the Maquis, culminating in the taking-over of Paris itself from the enemy, has surprised many people in this country. It has also shown, however, that overwhelmed as she was by German military might in 1940, France has never given up the thought of once more emerging into the Light—and Freedom

On right—**A GROUP OF FORMER SPANISH LOYALISTS, MOSTLY EX-OFFICERS, who are now serving with the Americans in Brittany :** They still wear civilian clothes, but they no longer keep their activities "underground." Everywhere in Northern France such men are now rallying to the Allied cause and routing the Germans

IN THE TOWN OF LAVAL after its occupation by the Americans : Two young Frenchmen are guarding the entrance to the City Hall. Inside are a number of collaborationists who were rounded up as soon as the town had been liberated, and the citizens had gathered round to demand that they be handed over for summary justice. The guards, it will be noted, are equipped with rifle and machine-guns supplied by the U.S. Army : one also wears a French steel helmet

IN THE TOWN OF ANGERS : Frenchmen celebrate their liberation. They have torn down the Swastika which, for four years, floated over their town and are burning it in the Central Square. Those of the men who are members of the Resistance Movement are now openly wearing armlets to indicate that they are in the F.F.I. (French Forces of the Interior). In the towns and villages already liberated, it is these men who have taken over the control and policing of the areas and the rounding-up of collaborationists and pro-Nazis

PUNISHMENT FOR THOSE WHO SHOWED AFFECTION TO THE ENEMY : A Frenchwoman, a "sympathiser" with the Nazis during the occupation, is being marched along like a prisoner and at the pistol-point, at Pre en Pail, by men of the French Army of the Interior. Like all of her kind, she later had her hair shorn as punishment for her misdeeds

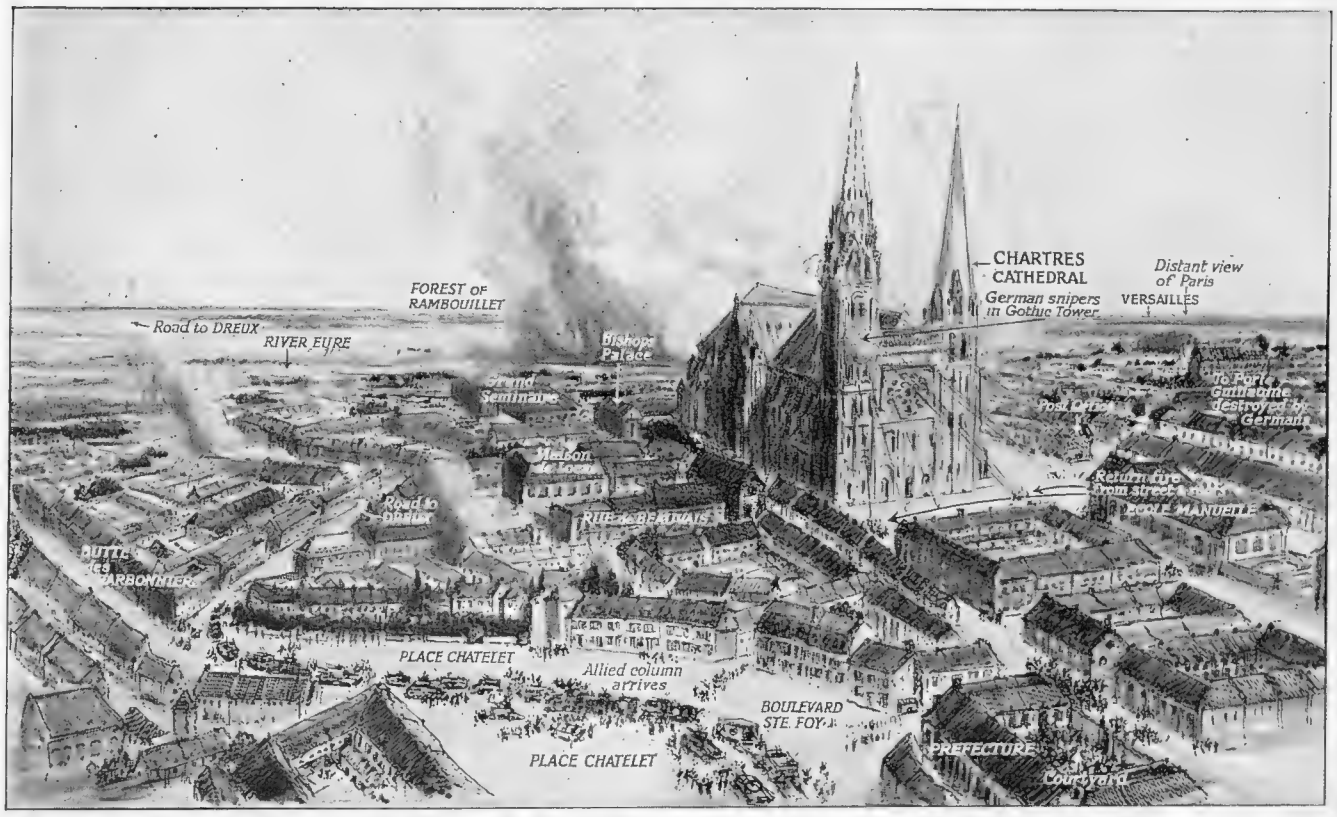
WORKERS IN THE FRENCH RESISTANCE MOVEMENT drinking to victory in the village of Ecouche : During the great drive eastwards towards Lisieux after the closing of the Falaise Gap many towns and villages were liberated by British and Canadian troops. At once the Frenchmen came out on the side of the Allies and brought out the arms which they had been secreting for just such a happy day. (Note the automatic guns displayed on this table !) Wine was produced, and men and women alike drank toasts

AN UNPLEASANT PICTURE FROM A FRENCH TOWN. A woman is roughly treated for her conduct with the hated Germans : The people of this town had suffered greatly at the hands of their conquerors for four bitter years of occupation. This woman had violated the French code of honour, and when the hour of liberation came she paid for her crime. Her hair was shorn off and a bottle of iodine was poured over her head : then she was paraded before her fellow-citizens, after her upper garments had been torn off her back. An ugly course of treatment, but four years of suffering and subjection do not make for gentleness amongst the sufferers !

A FRENCH FAMILY RESURRECTS BURIED POSSESSIONS after the departure of the Germans : Monsieur and Madame Andre Meybon, with their young daughter, Camille, have returned to their home on the main road from Caen to Villers Bocage, between Verson and Tourville, after having been obliged to leave it temporarily during the recent battles in this district. During the enemy occupation Monsieur and Madame buried their crockery, clothing and all their valuables to preserve them from Germans who, in their withdrawal, systematically took everything of value from the French people. Now that the tide of battle has retreated, these people can dig up their possessions and again make a return to a normal life under the protection of the Allies

BATTLE SCENES from NORMANDY

Incidents During the Recent Heavy Fighting in the Falaise Gap and Around Chartres—*Special Drawings by Sphere Artists*



THE CAPTURE OF THE HISTORIC CITY OF CHARTRES BY THE AMERICANS. German snipers remained in the Gothic tower of the finest cathedral in Europe and fired on civilians and Allied troops alike—*Drawing by Percy Home*

When the American spearhead swept into Chartres on August 16 they found little opposition. The German troops had begun to withdraw on the previous afternoon, getting away in any kind of vehicle they could find: some of the last to leave were attacked by French patriots armed with Sten guns. Those who were left behind did their best to obstruct the entry of the Americans; when finally driven into the centre of the city, they took refuge in the Gothic tower of the cathedral (regarded by many as the finest of its kind in Europe), from which they fired down on the troops.

The thirteenth-century Gothic cathedral, with its magnificent north and south portals, rich in carving and statuary, has escaped serious damage, however. Only a few bullet-holes remain to tell the story of the last struggle of fanatical Germans. Some buildings in the city were destroyed by shell-fire, or by German demolition, but as a whole Chartres has suffered small damage

The above drawing shows the city as seen from the south-west. Paris lies some 40 miles to the east; away to the north, over level country, lies Dreux, an interesting old town with a fine sixteenth-century Hotel de Ville. The American tanks did not pause in Chartres but, joining up with the column which had taken Dreux, pushed out towards the open plain. The fine chateau presented by Louis XIV to the famous Madame de Maintenon, whom he later married, lies on the way to Paris. The Forest of Rambouillet some 20 miles nearer the capital, is of great extent and beauty.

While the last firing was going on in Chartres some remarkable scenes were going on at the Prefecture. A correspondent found the courtyard was packed with people, gesticulating and giving orders which no one obeyed; and shaven *collaborateurs* were being dragged in. One correspondent described the towers of the cathedral as standing out spectacularly against the rolling masses of smoke from fires on the outskirts of the city

THE DUST RISES IN CHOKING CLOUDS AS THE GREAT ARMOURED COLUMNS DRIVE FORWARD IN PURSUIT OF THE GERMANS. British tanks in close formation passing through a Normandy village, of which only the damaged summit of the church is visible—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

After the very heavy rains which interfered with our first assaults on the city of Caen, and before the downpours of last week, the whole of the battle area in Normandy was shrouded in dense clouds of dust. The roadways and fields of that province, loosened by the constant passage of tanks and vehicles of every description, have been so churned up that the dust lies inches thick everywhere. Through these choking clouds, infantry and tanks advance into battle, often with little to see but the tops of tall buildings and the topmost branches of the trees, as our artist has depicted in his drawing above

On left—**BRITISH INFANTRY LAUNCH AN ATTACK, after having been conveyed to the front in armoured troop-carriers**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Following close on the heels of the tanks, the infantry are now carried into action in special armoured trucks, whose tall steel sides protect them from the enemy's bullets and machine-gun fire. These troop-carriers are, in reality, de-gunned Priests, self-propelled vehicles whose new use has been described as a brilliant improvisation. No longer do the troops suffer casualties as they advance, nor do they arrive at the scene of battle long after the armour has prepared the way: tanks and carriers form part of the same column. As they de-bus, smoke-screens are laid down to right and to left of the column as additional protection

On right—**HOW THE BRITISH TANKS ARE EQUIPPED FOR BATTLE, with piles of luggage heaped on their decks**—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

This picture shows the scene in the village of Cagny as British armour streamed towards the battlefront in the Falaise Gap. The town's damaged church forms the background of the view, with the wide main street stretching away to the left. Dust fills the air as the heavy vehicles rumble over the torn roadway, whilst in the sky rise the thick columns of black smoke caused by the shelling and bombing ahead. The tanks, it will be noticed, are loaded with all sorts of baggage and spares: this has become quite a feature of these fighting machines. The idea is to provide for every contingency, so that—apart from the personal equipment of the crews—breakdowns can be avoided, even when the tank is operating at a long distance from a supply or repair depot

THE TOWN OF VIRE IN RUINS. **It lies on a hill by the river of the same name: in the British push southwards from Caen, it was strongly held by the Germans, and bitter fighting took place continuously from July 30 until its final capture by a combined force of British and Americans.** Now all its buildings in the centre of the town have only their walls standing, under the incessant pounding of the guns. Its Church of Notre Dame was a large Gothic structure of the twelfth to fifteenth centuries, built of granite

The WRECKED TOWNS of NORMANDY

Through which the Germans Fought in Vain to Resist the Encirclement which Later Led to their Destruction Around Falaise

THE DEVASTATED MAIN STREET OF FALAISE, keypoint of the now-famous "pocket." When it fell to the Canadians, one arm of the great pincer was secure, and the work of "mopping up" within the gap was begun. But Falaise has paid a heavy price. For weeks the centre of the bitterest shelling and bombardment, its main street was a heap of rubble when British and Canadian soldiers entered the town on August 17. It was here that William the Conqueror was born

THE HEAP OF RUBBLE WHICH IS DOMFRONT, with American infantrymen picking their way in pursuit of the fleeing Germans. This town near the River Orne was formerly one of the chief fortresses of Normandy, repeatedly besieged in the Hundred Years War and later. It stands on a hill—hence its military importance—and lies on the way from Caen to Laval

THE SHELLING OF THE ROADS RUNNING THROUGH THE LITTLE TOWN OF SOURDEVAL. Many ways converge at this point, which is otherwise undistinguished from a military point of view: hence the shelling and consequent devastation. Note the manner in which the road running from left to right across this picture has been bombarded, so that not a house throughout its length remains intact. That this, and the traffic making use of it, were the principal targets of gunners and bombers is demonstrated by the fact that other houses in the little town some distance away still remain more or less intact

ARGENTAN, KEYPOINT IN THE "BATTLE OF THE GAP," IN FLAMES AS THE RESULT OF THE TERRIFIC ARTILLERY BARRAGE AND BOMBING which routed the Nazis from the town. This was the point which marked the southern arm of the pincer which finally closed on the Germans between Argentan and Falaise. The enemy fought desperately to resist its capture by the Americans coming up from the south and to get out of the closing trap; but in vain. In the centre of this picture is the Church of St. Germain, which dated from the late-Gothic and Renaissance periods. Near by were the Hotel de Ville and an old chateau of the fifteenth century which was used as the Palais de Justice. All were severely damaged and burnt

OUT IN THE BATTLE AREA, the stretcher-bearers drop into a crater with a wounded man, flinging themselves to the ground as a mortar shell explodes near by

ON THE WAY BACK TO A REGIMENTAL AID POST, the jeep has a rough journey passing over the shell- and bomb-craters. One of the R.A.M.C. unit makes the going as easy as possible for the wounded man lying in a stretcher on the roof

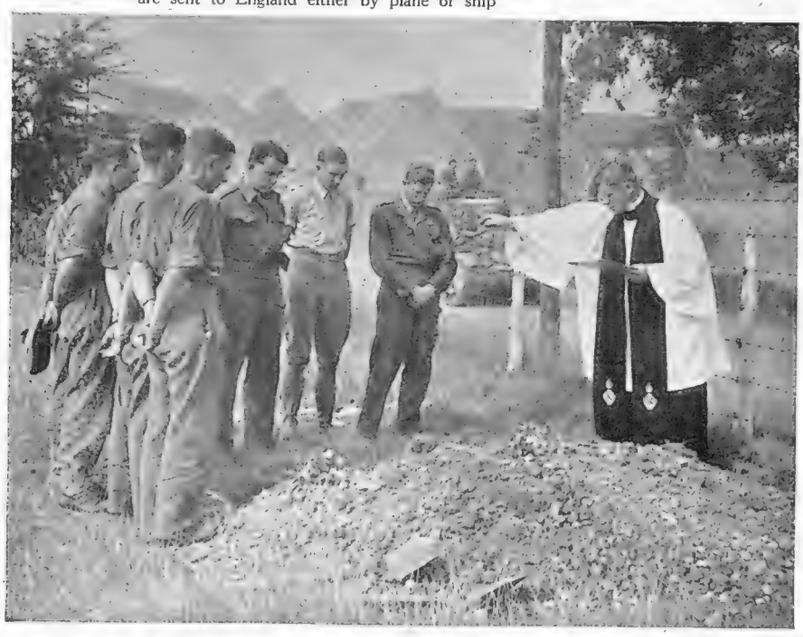
FALLEN on the BATTLEFIELD

How the Wounded are Brought Out of the Fighting Zone

BRINGING IN THE CASUALTIES. The regimental stretcher-bearers at work after an encounter with the Germans

The speed with which the Allied wounded are being removed from the Normandy battlefields, coupled with the untiring work of the surgeons and medical staffs, is saving thousands of lives. In many cases, the men may have been into battle in the morning, wounded, and back in England the same day! The wounded are picked up and carried back to a jeep, invariably, under heavy fire from the enemy. They are then rushed to a Regimental Aid Post, where their wounds receive first attention. From there they are passed in stages back to the embarkation point, where they are sent to England either by plane or ship

THE SCENE IN A FORWARD REGIMENTAL AID POST, showing wounded British troops and German prisoners awaiting an ambulance to take them farther back after their wounds have been attended to



A TRIBUTE TO THE FALLEN. A British Army chaplain reading the last rites over a soldier who fell during the drive on Lisieux, while his officers and brother soldiers pay their last homage. The grave is by the roadside, along which tanks are still rumbling: later it will be marked by a soldier's wooden

THE GRAVE OF AN UNKNOWN BRITISH SOLDIER. He was killed by the roadside near St. Germain d'Eclot: the two British Sappers who discovered his body dug the grave and erected a cross. Later, proper interment in a cemetery will be ma

THE NEW U.S. ROCKET GUN

And Other War Devices Being Used Against the Germans

On right—As operations are evolving in France at the present moment, it is not always possible for the Royal Artillery to prepare proper positions for their guns. And yet protection against the shells and bombs of the Germans is often necessary, even although the guns may only remain in a given position for a few hours before having to follow up the retreating enemy. The drawing on the right shows a method whereby a gun-pit is created quickly and effectively in a field otherwise unprovided with natural protective features. As soon as the gunners arrive, a heavy charge is inserted into a well-plugged hole in the ground and electrically detonated. Within a few seconds a big crater is formed; a little work by the men, and both gun and crew are secure against nearby bomb-blasts and the results of enemy counter-battery fire. The gun is brought into position through a hole quickly cut through the lip of the crater

THE ARTILLERY IN NORMANDY: How they blast craters in the ground to form a rough-and-ready emplacement for the guns. A large charge is exploded at the desired spot, and excellent protection is then afforded by the crater-lip for both gun and gunners, with an entrance at one side (*See notes at left*)—*Drawing by B. C. Wood*

AMERICAN THUNDERBOLTS WITH THE NEW-TYPE ROCKET GUNS: A first picture showing how they are fixed beneath the wings of the aircraft. In addition to other types of rocket-firing planes, the American Thunderbolt has also been equipped with this powerful and deadly apparatus, it may now be stated. These aircraft have been taking part, secretly, in the recent attacks on the retreating German columns in France, and have proved as successful as the R.A.F. rocket-bearing Typhoons. Many details of the new weapon are still secret, but it can be stated that they throw highly explosive armour-piercing shells which will split the toughest German tanks in half from either high or low levels. The American weapon is not the same as that carried by the British rocket-firing aircraft

***On left*—A new role for the A.-A. guns in France:** The 3·7 anti-aircraft guns used in the Battle of Britain were taken over to France on Invasion Day. Owing to the absence of enemy aircraft, however, these guns have now been given a new role: they are used to fire over the German positions in support of attacks by our infantry, as shown here

A NEW INCENDIARY BOMB now carried by the R.A.F. bombers. This is how the parachute-controlled type lands: Another new and deadly incendiary has been added to the equipment of British bomber aircraft for raids over Germany and the occupied territories. It is the result of research carried out by the scientific branches of the Ministry of Aircraft Production. The new bomb weighs 30 lb.: its descent is controlled by a parachute. On ignition it emits a jet of flame about 15-ft. long from its tail: this continues to burn for a period of two minutes. Usually the bomb "touches down" in the vertical position, as shown in the above picture

ONE OF THE GREAT CAPITAL SHIPS OF THE BRITISH NAVY: AN IMPRESSION OF H.M.S. "RODNEY" FIRING HER 16-IN. GUNS DURING AN ASSAULT OF GERMAN POSITIONS ON LAND. This battleship has taken part in many such actions, standing well out to sea and pumping in her one-ton projectiles with devastating effect. Her latest exploit has been to bombard enemy positions on the island of Alderney for two-and-a-half hours. (See notes below at left)—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

The NAVY in the CHANNEL and off the S. FRANCE COAST

—*Special Sphere Drawings*

Some days ago *Rodney* set out from a British port to bombard Alderney, in the Channel Islands. Arrived at her appointed place, the battleship anchored in deliberate fashion and then, for 2½ hours, pumped her one-ton projectiles into a German battery on land 20 miles away. In all, she fired seventy-five rounds from her 16-in. guns, the biggest carried by any warship afloat to-day, and wrought deadly execution. During the "shoot" she was aided by Spitfire "spotter" aircraft.

Throughout this war H.M.S. *Rodney* has performed valuable tasks, and especially since the invasion of Normandy. She is a vessel of 33,900 tons; when fully loaded her displacement is 38,000 tons. *Rodney* was laid down in 1922, launched on December 17, 1925, and completed in 1927. Her speed is 23 knots and she carries a complement of over 1,300 officers and men. She cost £7,617,000 to build, of which approximately £3,000,000 is represented by gun and turret armour. Both *Rodney* and her sister-ship *Nelson* are reduced editions of 48,000-ton battle-cruisers, whose weight had to be curtailed under the Washington Treaty. Both have a high freeboard, which makes them very seaworthy, especially in rough weather. The accommodation of the crew is on generous lines.

THE BRITISH NAVY SHOOT DOWN TWO GERMAN AIRCRAFT during a patrol off the Normandy beaches—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

Two Ju. 88's fell victims to naval guns during a recent German attack on Allied patrols in the Channel. One of them was brought down by H.M.S. *Faulknor*, and the other by the combined efforts of a British frigate and a Canadian corvette. In the picture above, *Faulknor* is seen despatching her Ju. The destroyer is taking avoiding action as the aircraft hurtles down into the sea and laying a smoke-screen. Behind are other patrol ships which took part in the same action. *Faulknor* is a ten-year-old destroyer of 1,460 tons displacement. She carries five 4·7-in. guns, as well as a number of smaller weapons: she has a speed of over 36 knots. Two of the crew shot down by *Faulknor* were rescued from the sea and made prisoner

AN IMPRESSION OF ALLIED WARSHIPS OFF THE COAST OF SOUTHERN FRANCE BOMBARDING GERMAN COASTAL BATTERIES during the invasion carried out by the Seventh American and French Armies. An early morning haze covers the distant stretches of coast—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

An hour before the airborne troops were landed on the Riviera coast, ton after ton of bombs was cascaded on the beach defences; before the landing-craft set off, Allied warships, including capital vessels and cruisers standing close inshore to get a proper sight of their haze-obscured targets, pounded the coastal batteries in the manner shown in Mr. McDowell's drawing above. Among the many vessels taking part were the British battleship *Ramillies*, and six cruisers and seven aircraft-carriers of the Royal Navy. The cruisers were—*Orion* (flagship of Rear-Admiral J. M. Mansfield), *Aurora*, *Argonaut*, *Black Prince*, *Royalist* (flagship of Rear-Admiral T. Stourbridge) and *Sirius*. The aircraft-carriers were—*Khedive*, *Pursuer*, *Emperor*, *Searcher*, *Attacker*, *Hunter* and *Stalker*. In addition, there were three anti-aircraft cruisers and ten destroyers. One of the latter, H.M.S. *Kimberley*, conveyed Mr. Churchill to the beaches for his tour just after the landings had been made. Another eighteen Hunt class destroyers brought the total of Royal Navy ships up to nearly 300—out of the 800 of all types reported to have been engaged in the operations. In the drawing above, part of the huge Allied Fleet is shown approaching one of the chief landing places—the Cap Negre (towards the right centre), with the Bormes peninsula in the left foreground

A SPECIALLY DESIGNED "INVASION SHIP" at work in one of the Channel ports. The vessel seen in the background is a 1,500-ton ship which is operated and manned by the Army. Its job, and that of the men aboard, is to repair the dock and harbour facilities of the Channel ports. All the men engaged on this work are Royal Engineers. When the picture was taken, a diver, working from the Army ship, was about to descend to inspect a wreck in the fairway

THE POSTMEN OF THE MERCHANT NAVY: Handing the mail over from launch to troop transport. At an invasion port on the South Coast, the Merchant Navy postmen deliver 6,000 letters every day to officers and men serving in the ships taking part in the operations across the Channel. Many of these letters are delivered by motor-launch as the invasion ships lie at anchor: it takes more than six hours for the launch to make its round

AROUND the BATTLEFRONTS of the WORLD

THE DUKE OF WINDSOR PAYS A VISIT TO AMERICA : Many workers from the Bahamas are now in the United States, helping to relieve the man-power shortage in that country. The Duke of Windsor, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the islands since August 18, 1940, has been to America to see for himself how his people are getting along. Above he is seen, looking fit and cheerful, examining a basket of peaches harvested at Chandler's Orchard, Delaware, by workers from the Bahamas. The Duke is now in his 51st year : his abdication from the throne took place in 1936

MR. CHURCHILL MEETS MARSHAL TITO IN ITALY. On August 12 and 13 the Prime Minister had meetings with Dr. Subasic, Prime Minister of Yugoslavia, and Marshal Tito, during the course of which political and military questions were discussed. Later the Prime Minister witnessed the American and French landings in Southern France

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S RECENT VISIT TO HAWAII : Discussing Pacific strategy at Pearl Harbour with General MacArthur (on left), Admiral Chester W. Nimitz and Admiral Leahy (back to camera). When the President disappeared from Washington some weeks ago, rumour became rife in the American capital as to his ultimate destination. It was then disclosed that he had been to Pearl Harbour for a three-day conference, July 26-29, with the Pacific High Command, to plan the strategy for the swift defeat of Japan. At the conclusion of this conference, the President then went on to the Aleutian Islands, for a tour of the American bases in the far north

MALTA'S FAREWELL TO LORD GORT. The demonstration in Kingsway, Valetta. When Lord Gort, V.C., relinquished his appointment as Governor of Malta, crowds lined the streets waving and cheering the man who sustained them during the dark days when the island gained the George Cross for its heroic resistance. Lord Gort is now going to Transjordan as High Commissioner. He has been Governor and Commander-in-Chief of Malta since 1942

AMERICA'S "FORGOTTEN MAN" VISITS THE SOUTH PACIFIC : Charles Lindbergh, the famous American pilot and one of the world's outstanding aviators, suffered eclipse owing to his expressed pro-Nazi views before the war. He has just been making a tour of the Pacific ; and above he is seen with Lieut.-General George Kenney, the Commanding General of the Far East Air Force, at the latter's headquarters in Australia

TELLING THE GERMAN SOLDIERS THE NEWS BY MEANS OF LEAFLETS. These are packed into shells, which are then fired over the enemy lines : This is one of the tasks carried out by the Psychological Warfare Division of the Allied Expeditionary Force at Cherbourg. The leaflets are packed into 155-mm. howitzer shells : these are of the smoke type, and their fuses are set so that the shells explode over certain areas in such manner that the leaflets can rain down on the enemy troops. An American officer from New York City is the head of this Division

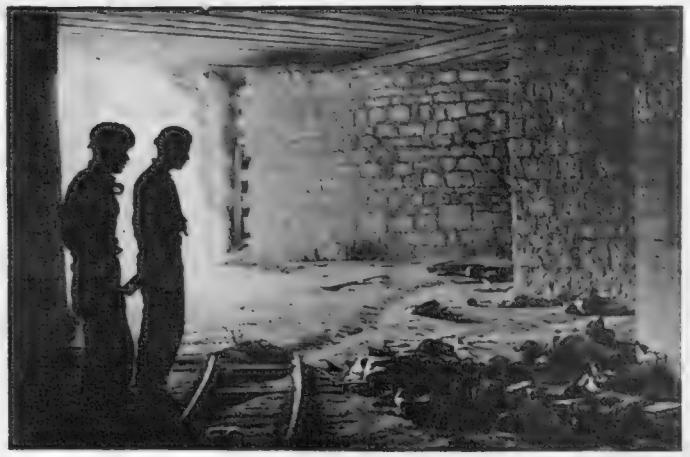
AFTER THE ENTRY INTO FLORENCE: A kerbstone sorting office for British mail. Eighth Army troops had just crossed the Arno River into Florence when this picture was taken. The Regimental Sergeant-Major (who had apparently established an open-air pantry!) lost no time in sorting the mail to be sent forward to the troops. He probably knows how eagerly men of all ranks look forward to receiving their letters from home

THE ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER VISITS SIENA: After his journey to Rome, Dr. Griffin visited Siena Cathedral and gave an address to a large congregation composed of Eighth Army troops, which included soldiers who have come from Britain, Canada, South Africa, New Zealand and India. Here he is seen with some of them on the Cathedral steps

MOSQUITOES AND A LIBERATOR KILL A U-BOAT in the English Channel: The enemy submarine was making an attempt, by daylight, to enter the Channel to destroy vitally-needed supplies which were being transported to the Normandy beaches. It was attacked by four Mosquitoes and a Liberator: crippled by the cannon-fire of the former, it was finished off by the Liberator, a long-range aircraft of R.A.F. Coastal Command. While the Liberator was making its kill with depth-charges, the four Mosquitoes circled overhead. This picture, taken by the Liberator, shows the depth-charges exploding near the submarine's hull

ISLAND COMMANDOS OF THE R.A.F. support the Yugoslav Partisans. Two Yugoslav girls serve in the Officers' Mess on the island: Operating from a landing-strip carved by R.A.F. airmen and Yugoslav Partisans with picks and shovels out of a vineyard among the rocky hills of a Dalmatian island, Spitfires and Hurricanes of Coastal Air Force are giving Marshal Tito the close air support so vitally needed in his campaign against superior enemy forces. Pilots of these "Island Commandos" have reported enemy trains blown up, schooners sunk, ferries set on fire and petrol dumps and gun positions destroyed. They pay high tribute to the R.A.F. ground crews and to the Partisans who keep them constantly in the air

A NAZI UNDERGROUND SUPPLY DEPOT ABANDONED: The quarry at Hautmesnil, found to be an abandoned dump. At first believed to be a rocket-launching site, because of the maze of camouflage covering the construction work, this quarry abandoned by the Germans at Hautmesnil was found to be a dump. Tunnels bored into the sides led to caves built by the Todt Organisation for storing ammunition, equipment and other war supplies. The construction work was unfinished and a great deal of material was left behind when the Germans left the site hurriedly



ONE OF THE TUNNEL ENTRANCES TO THE QUARRY, used by the Germans as an equipment dump and abandoned when they retreated. Much equipment was found to be in perfect condition

At the BEGINNING of the SIXTH YEAR of WAR

What the Second German War has Meant to Young and Old in England in their Method of Life and Outlook on the Future

By CHARLES GRAVES

TO-MORROW (Sunday) at 11.15 a.m. we enter the sixth year of war, the longest campaign that this country has had to endure since Napoleon. Last night some of us were discussing the question of which age group in the country has been most unlucky. A man of forty-eight said bitterly: "I think we are the most unfortunate; I was eighteen in 1914 and enlisted immediately. That was all right. But then came the second lot. As a result of the Germans I've had nine years of my adult life taken from me."

There is much in what he said. This war, like the last, is a young man's war. Many youths with no responsibilities and a sense of adventure have thoroughly enjoyed their time in the Services. Girls who were tied to their mothers' apron-strings in the country and were apparently condemned to marry some dull neighbour, simply because they had no chance of meeting new and interesting men, have had the gates of life opened to them in no uncertain fashion.

On the other hand, there is many a Wing Commander and Company Commander, even a few Battalion Commanders, who were at school when the war broke out. For them the transition from war to peace will be very hard. The R.A.F. or the Army has been their University, and though they have learnt to use their hands in a way they would never have done at Oxford or Cambridge, they are not actually fitted for any civilian job except as chauffeurs or guides to the various battle-fields, or—in the case of air-crew—as potential pilots and navigators in British Overseas Airways and the other air lines contemplated by the various shipping companies. What will be the market value of a Typhoon pilot after the war, unless he stays in the Service? What is the future of a Commando Captain or a Major of Paratroops? Some, no doubt, will find jobs in UNRRA, others may find openings for their talents and experience in South America. Many will remain in the Army of Occupation. Are, then, the youths and girls of twenty-three the unluckiest? The youths maybe. But not the girls. True, there are now five vintages of debutantes whose only chance to wear evening-dress has been once a year at the Queen Charlotte's ball — five vintages who do not know what a real private dance is like, who scarcely know the sound of a champagne cork popping, who have never been to Paris, who (in many cases) have never had a holiday out of England, who have only heard of the joys of ski-ing from Scheidegg to Grindelwald or down the rue de la Paix from the Corviglia Hut to Bad Moritz, who have never had a chance of applying for a voucher admitting them to the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, who probably do not believe that hostesses borrowed each other's dance lists of eligible young men when they gave a ball. But many of these pleasures are still likely to be theirs. There will be Courts again and white feathers in the Buckingham Palace variety. One day, though rumour has it that three years must elapse before then, they will find themselves basking on the rocks by the pool at Cap d'Antibes, where their brothers were fighting last week, eating Langoustes at the Garoupe beach, wondering how the Croisette at Cannes looked before the Germans came, entering the Salles Privées at Monte Carlo, bathing from the private beach at Aigebelle. Those brothers of theirs, however, the ones who survive, will be striving hard to earn a living. Some, no doubt, will go overseas, if the Dominions will have them.

It is strange indeed to realise that over 50 per cent. of flying personnel in the R.A.F. was still at school when war broke out. Some, indeed, will even have been at their preparatory schools in 1939.

But what about the forty-three-year-olds? They lost four years of their peacetime pleasures and careers in 1914-18. They were still in their forties at the outbreak of war. Now they are within measurable distance of being on the wrong side of fifty after five back-breaking years of Home Guard duties at night and the week-ends, and overwork in their offices by day. They have seen income tax shoot up to 10s. in the pound and supertax increased so heavily that much of the incentive to earn money, even for their families, has disappeared. The sixty-year-olds deserve much sympathy too. In 1939 they were sturdy fifty-five-year-olds with many good, healthy, enjoyable years ahead of them. To-day they are beginning to feel genuinely old men, doubting whether the world can possibly become normal in time for them still to enjoy it.

More unlucky in many ways are the twenty-six-year-olds and twenty-seven-year-olds — young men who, at the outbreak of war, had just passed their Bar examinations, their Chartered Accountant examinations, who had just qualified after years of expensive training in their various professions. Came the war and the end of their careers almost before they had begun. It is true that being thrown into the hurly-burly of war will have done the survivors no end of good in a general way. They will have travelled at the Government's expense in places and countries which they might never have experienced otherwise. Their outlook has been broadened; they have learnt to mix with all sorts and conditions of people. They have learnt discipline—and how to pass the buck. They have discovered all about human nature in the raw. They may even have found that they would never have been really happy in the profession chosen for them by their parents. But it has all been most unsettling for them. They have lost their clients, if they ever had any; they have lost their contacts; their technical knowledge will have become rusty; they have become old men before their time. If they were in business firms they were probably earning £4 or £5 a week. No doubt their jobs will have been kept for them. But a Staff Major or a Lieut-Colonel of a line regiment, with his pay and allowances, his responsibilities, his commitments and his status, is not going to find it easy to go back to the counter-jumping job which was all very fine for a twenty-year-old youngster, but not exactly suitable for a battle-scarred veteran of twenty-seven, the age at which he is likely to be demobilised.

Just after the last war, when we undergraduates straggled up to Oxford out of the Army from January 1919 onwards, there were Brigadiers, Staff Colonels, anything down to humble 2nd Lieutenants like myself—contrasting with many of the dons who had been privates in Labour Battalions. But Britain was much richer in those days, income-tax was lower and our parents could afford our having two or three years of comparative idleness before going to work again. That will not be so this time, and though gratuities will presumably be given once again, the twenty-six-year-olds and twenty-seven-year-olds have to begin to earn a livelihood very soon after they are demobilised, in positions much humbler than those they have won for themselves in the three fighting services.

Yes, but what about the eleven-year-olds? They are by far the unluckiest of all. They literally do not know what it is not to have a black-out. Few if any of them can visualise a beach without barbed wire. In the south they have been brought up almost all their lives to the yowl of the alerts, the crash of bombs and the interminable khaki. A tailcoat or a silk hat would probably make them laugh aloud. Evening gowns are fancy dress to them. Circuses are beyond their ken. Real toys are unimaginable. Three-day cricket matches (when I was eleven I knew every County player's batting average), gymkhanas, Wimbledon, mean nothing to them. They are too old to have orange-juice, too young to have grown-up rations. A motor-car drive is practically unknown to them; they know nothing of the joys of Devonshire cream, even of ice-cream. Fresh strawberries are practically a mirage as far as they are concerned. Going into shops to buy sweets without ration books is another so far forbidden joy.

As for the rest of us, we are all five years older than we were in 1939—more like seven or ten if the truth be known. At least, though, we have pleasant memories of good times, good food, good wines, good bathing; of days when golf-balls cost 2s. each and you could buy a dozen at a time; when whisky was 12s. 6d. a bottle and you could have a motor-car and not be harassed by the police.

"Over 50 per cent. of flying personnel in the R.A.F. was still at school when war broke out." Yet these are the young men who have been demonstrating air superiority and what it means to the Germans in France. This picture was taken as Lancaster crews were "scrambling" to their aircraft for a raid by daylight over the enemy lines in France. Some of these squadrons are being led by veteran night bombers (still boys in years, nevertheless) who have over 100 operations to their credit

A RUSSIAN BOY who knows nothing but war. He is ten years old Nikolai Pankov, taken prisoner when members of a German Grenadier Regiment were captured at Falaise. His father is a Lieutenant in the Russian Army; when his mother was killed by the Germans he was adopted by a Russian neighbour. His adopted father was transported, and compelled to fight for the Germans: he took the boy with him. For the past 14 months, Nikolai had been adopted by the Grenadiers, who dressed him in a miniature uniform and trained him to take his place beside them at the front in Normandy

SEEING AMERICAN SOLDIERS for the first time in their lives. Orphan children in Alencon lining the streets as the Army of Liberation marches through. The nuns in charge of the children are distributing sweets received from the Americans

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

WAR and other ACTIVITIES on the HOME FRONT

A STAFF COLLEGE FOR THE A.T.S., where officers undergo special training. Junior Commander D. Mansfield pins up the Invasion area on one of the wall-maps in the College

AT THE A.T.S. STAFF COLLEGE : Officers in the Model Room planning movements on a ground-map : The aim of the A.T.S. Wing of the Staff College, situated in South-Eastern Command, is to train A.T.S. officers to take up staff jobs on the general or administrative staff of static military and A.T.S. headquarters. Their work is exactly the same as that of the male staff officers, except that it does not include tactics or discipline. The course lasts three months and consists of selected volunteer A.T.S. officers. Officers have to be able to deal with reconnaissance reports and the movements and quartering of troops. They must also know how to provide transport, supplies and ammunition, and how to organise inter-communications. Many of the A.T.S. staff officers are now serving overseas

THE HOP-PICKERS HAVE BEGUN WORK IN THE KENT FIELDS : A family party gathering the first hops of the season. Hop-picking has now started in Kent. The advance parties have arrived and have begun picking the "wilts," the first to be dealt with. The "regular" pickers are notified when they are wanted, and families go year after year, making it their annual holiday—and a very remunerative one

THE Y.W.C.A. ARE GOING BACK TO FRANCE, as in the days before Dunkirk. In 1940, the Y.W.C.A. served with the women of H.M. Forces in France : they are soon to return there, under the auspices of the Council of Voluntary War Work, to cater for service women in Normandy. In this picture are seen (left to right)—Mrs. Norman Prentice, Miss Elizabeth Beamish, Miss Ruth French, Miss Elizabeth Looker, Miss Eileen Semple, Miss Una Emmerson and Miss Anne Hall. Miss Mary Owen (Secretary of the Y.W.C.A. Expeditionary Forces Committee—right foreground) is here shaking hands with Miss Looker

HARVESTING IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK : A Massey-Harris combine machine at work. At Norfolk Farm, in Windsor Great Park, 1,300 acres have been put under the plough, 600 of them being planted with corn. Much of this land has been reclaimed for food production during the present war. The Park is administered by the Crown Lands Commission, and the King himself is Ranger

A GREAT ENGINEERING FEAT IS CARRIED OUT ON THE LONDON UNDERGROUND. The London Passenger Transport Board have just relayed the Underground railway track beneath the Thames, from Charing Cross to Waterloo—a task which took only eleven days to complete. This was the first time for twenty-two years that this portion of the railway has been closed to the public. In the picture above, the Chief Engineer and his assistant are watching the men cutting armour-plate at the side of the tunnel to fix brackets

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

MORE BOOKS ABOUT the WAR

Two Fine Works by Lieut.-Commander Monsarrat and Major P. W. Rainier; and Two New Novels about Life "Close to the Earth"

MR. NICHOLAS MONSARRAT'S little books about British corvettes in this war are fast becoming collectors' pieces. The first two were immensely good, and the third is a worthy sequel. If such things are ever possible again, I propose to have my three copies bound together as a lively record of one of our Navy's many gallant activities. **CORVETTE COMMAND** (Cassell. 2s.) tells a story of progress in its title, and opens with the writer's appointment to his first R.N.V.R. command. "Here I was in the Captain's cabin . . . during the last few minutes I found I had been fingering a small rubber stamp on my desk . . . now I pressed it on to the inking pad, stamped down on the signal form in front of me, and examined the result.

NOEL COWARD RETURNS TO LONDON: The well-known playwright, composer, producer and actor is now back after his long tour of the Middle East, India and South Africa. He was still wearing tropical kit on his arrival

"It said '*Lieutenant-in-Command.*'

"It was my favourite rubber stamp so far."

I think that the great charm in Mr. Monsarrat's writing (he is now, by the way, a Lieutenant-Commander, R.N.V.R.) is a style which blends a young and free hilarity with an obvious keenness, and insistence on technical perfection. "I had found in the Navy," he writes, "an opportunity for service in that exact tradition which I had thought essential between the wars, but had not really exercised with any degree of competence."

I can give you one excellent piece of advice about this book. When you have bought it, don't lend it to anyone who doesn't live in the same house. You won't get it back again. It's as good as that.

The first year of this war was, on his own admission, a very trying time for Major Peter Rainier. On the advice of his doctor, he had left his *estancia* in the Andes, given up his attempts at emerald-mining and returned to his native Africa, where nothing more active than a seat in a censorship office was given to him. Being a man of action, he found this particularly galling, and didn't altogether appreciate the official comments on his being over fifty, either. So he telephoned a Brigadier of his acquaintance and suggested forcibly that there must be some way of getting into his army. Casually he added to the list of his experiences that he had once built a railway.

"'*You once built a railway* and didn't tell me about it when you were listing what you could do?'"

"'It was only a very little railway.'" But Major Rainier got the job—the job that began as a sapper officer in charge of sections of the Egyptian railway along the coast, and developed into the construction of hundreds of miles of water pipe-lines to serve our armies during the Libyan campaigns.

PIPE-LINE TO BATTLE (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is an extraordinary and a valuable war document, because it tells a story that, but for Major Rainier's book, might have remained securely and obscurely in the official files. And it is a story that we should all know when we are trying to get a true picture of the desert campaigns. It is true that when I was reading it I often regretted that the writer had given so much space to his analysis of Rommel's strategy and Montgomery's greater brilliance, and had not concentrated on his own smaller, but essential, part in the fighting. But his opinions are fresh, his style racy and readable and, in the end, it will be for his specialist's accounts of work done that this book will be remembered.

"But when it comes to slaughter
You 'll do your work on water,"

wrote Mr. Kipling forty years ago or more, and his words remain true of the North African campaign. Major Rainier's stupendous task was one of carrying out "the vast pipe-line project which was to lay on filtered water to the desert as it is laid on to a city."

The hazards were many: besides the more obvious ones of fiendish heat and enemy attack, tribesmen would often spring a leak in the pipe so as to water their flocks, and vital pumps would be out of order at exactly the wrong moment and necessitate mad lorry drives back to base for replacements. But in the end the water would always get through, even to the front line, where he once fixed up shower-baths for some surprised and grateful Australian snipers in the most advanced positions. Major Rainier has the greatest admiration for General Montgomery, and ends the book with five of his most famous messages to his Eighth Army. A passage from one of them seemed to me justly applicable to the writer of this book.

LONDON STARS WITH THE NAVY: Diana Wynyard, Ivor Novello and Margaret Rutherford on their way to Normandy, by landing craft, to entertain the troops, under the auspices of ENSA

"I doubt if our Empire has ever possessed such a magnificent fighting machine as the Eighth Army. . . . . I thank each one of you for what you have done. . . ."

I don't agree with the publisher's description of Mr. Adrian Bell's new book as a novel, but I do like everything else about it. **SUNRISE TO SUNSET** (John Lane. 7s. 6d.) is the author's account of his experiences on a farm in Westmorland in 1940, when his wife and children had moved to a cottage there from their own Suffolk farm. Mr. Bell's visits to the north could only be paid at intervals when his own farm work was not too demanding, so, when he had hoed the roots or got the hay in, he would journey up and help in the work on the farm on the edge of the Westmorland fells, learn something of their radically-different methods and learn, too, to appreciate the people themselves.

Next to the Bells' cottage was the Rockfall family's farm, and it was on their steep fields, where not even in the rickyard could more than a few level feet be found to build a stack, that Mr. Bell learned, sometimes with aching muscles, to farm the Westmorland way. There could have been no two counties in England which offered greater contrasts than these sharply-pitched, stony fells, where the usual expectation was of wet weather, and the broad, level, "cloud-swift East Anglian plain" of his own home. Harvests were differently timed, and gathered in different ways. Some of the fields had to be reaped at angles which seemed impossible, and corn stooks—hattocks, they called them—had to be stacked with extraordinary deftness to prevent their tumbling downhill. "Here every sheaf was set so as to catch the morning rays on one side and the afternoon on the other. 'Sunrise to sunset,' Mr. Rockfall had said. 'Is that how you do it at home?'"

The Rockfall family live in these pages: Mrs. Rockfall perpetually baking vast batches of bread and pastries, the girls doing heavy dairy work and taking their produce miles into the market town, the children tumbling in and out of the beck and walking tirelessly over the fells, and Harvey, who was "a man for horses." Their hard life is their own, and Mr. Bell has made it as real as a vivid personal experience — far more real than some of the photographs that had been taken of the actual harvesting and that seemed to diminish and flatten out the extreme angles at which the work had been accomplished. Nothing is flattened out in Mr. Bell's narrative. On the contrary, it is brilliant, even exciting and, best of all, alive.

THE LOCUSTS (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.) is a long, grim and rather portentous novel about a farming community in the Kansas of seventy years ago. A valley of rich soil there is cultivated by a curious group of people, violently disunited through differences in race, in character and, strongest of all, in religion. There are the puritanical Russian Mennonites, the bleakness of their lives only partly dictated by their poverty; there are a number of Latter-Day Saints, with their leader Jeremiah Kantrup, an itinerant preacher; there is a dance-hall girl and her husband, a young gold prospector and his school-ma'am wife and a couple of scarecrow brothers who collect buffalo bones for glue and smell of decay and corruption.

All these strange personages arrive deviously and by chance in the valley, having only one thing in common—that they must get their livelihood from the land. And the land betrays them, for, though their crops begin to flourish and their cows to yield rich and plentiful milk, a plague of locusts comes to destroy every growing plant, to darken the sky, to madden the stock, and finally in dying to lay their eggs in thousands upon thousands in the infested earth. To fight the farmers' despair, and to unite them for the first time into a community with a single will, there is only one man, the preacher Jeremiah, whom most of them regard as half-crazed.

GERTRUDE LAWRENCE IN LONDON FROM NEW YORK: In America, in 1942, she made a sensational hit in a musical play, "Lady in the Dark." A few days ago she took part, in London, in a radio version of the same play. Above she is seen during rehearsals for her broadcast

Mr. Otto Schrag writes with some force and an equal sincerity, and has made great use of the emotions of pity and terror, but, while I recognise the strength of his conception of a communal and Christian life, I found the expression of it too cumbrous to be really moving.

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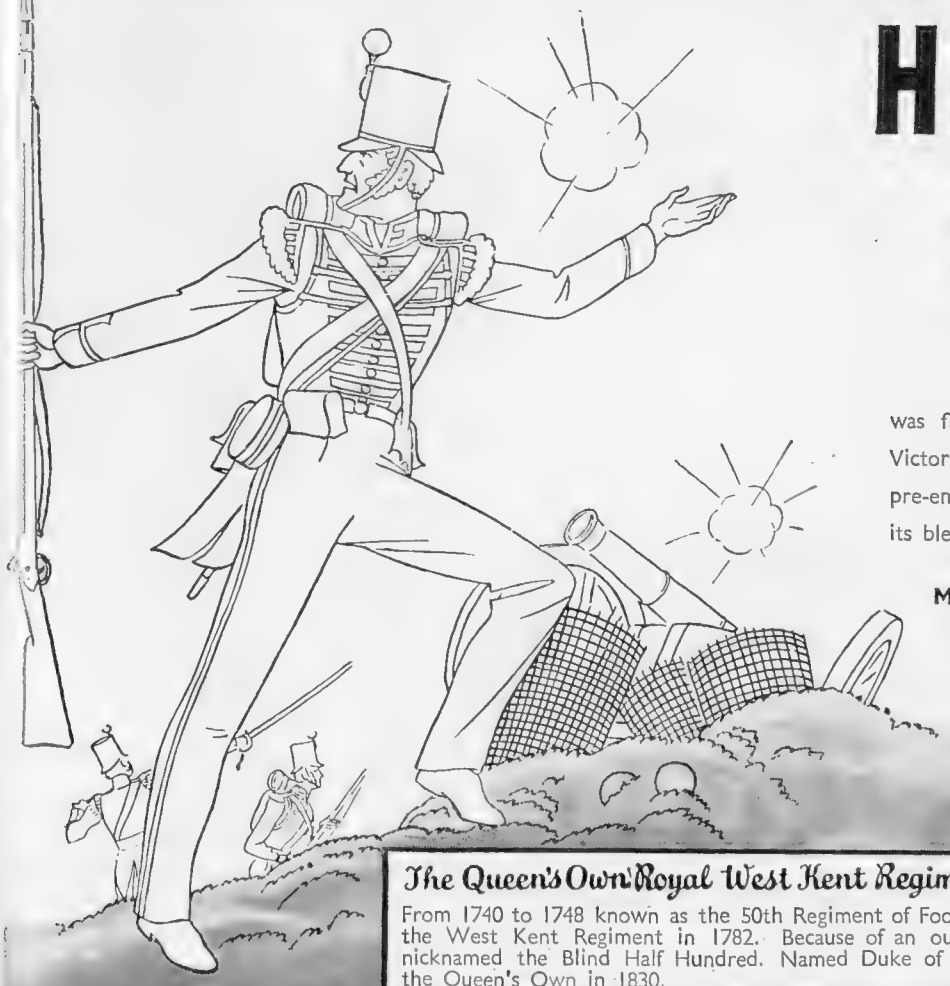

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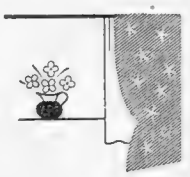

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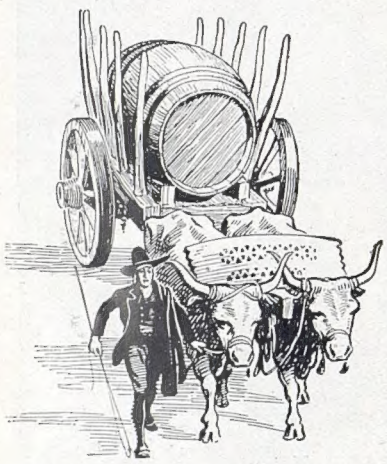

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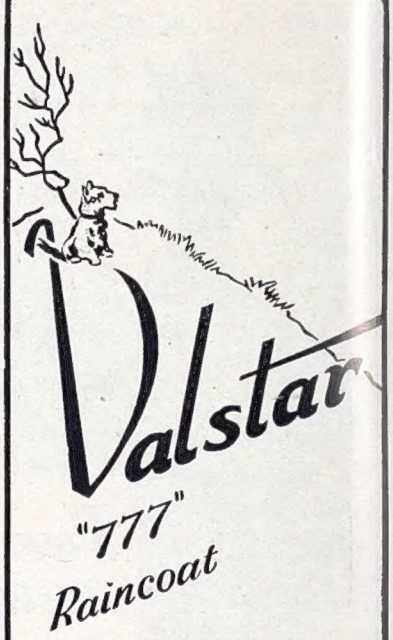

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